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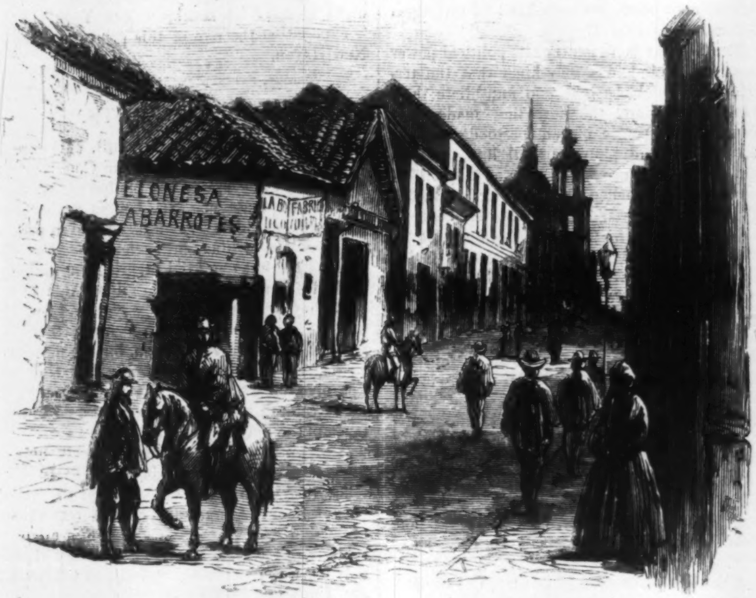
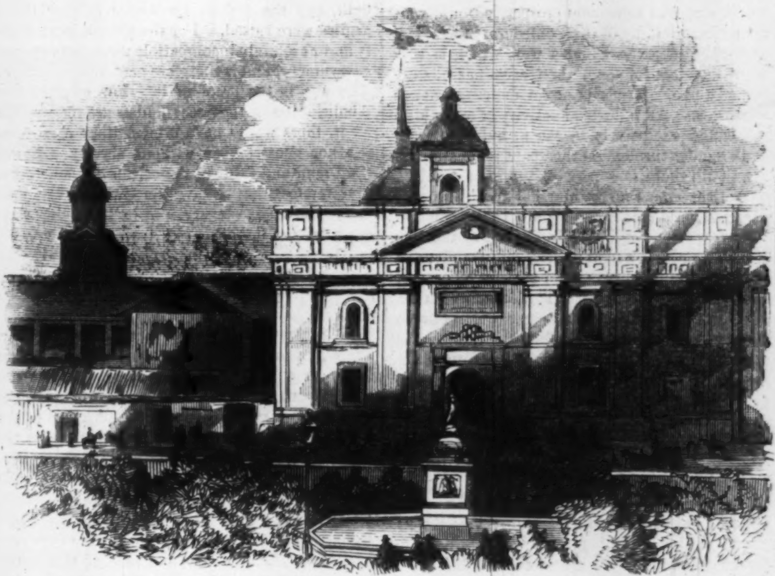


THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA IN THE DISTANCE.



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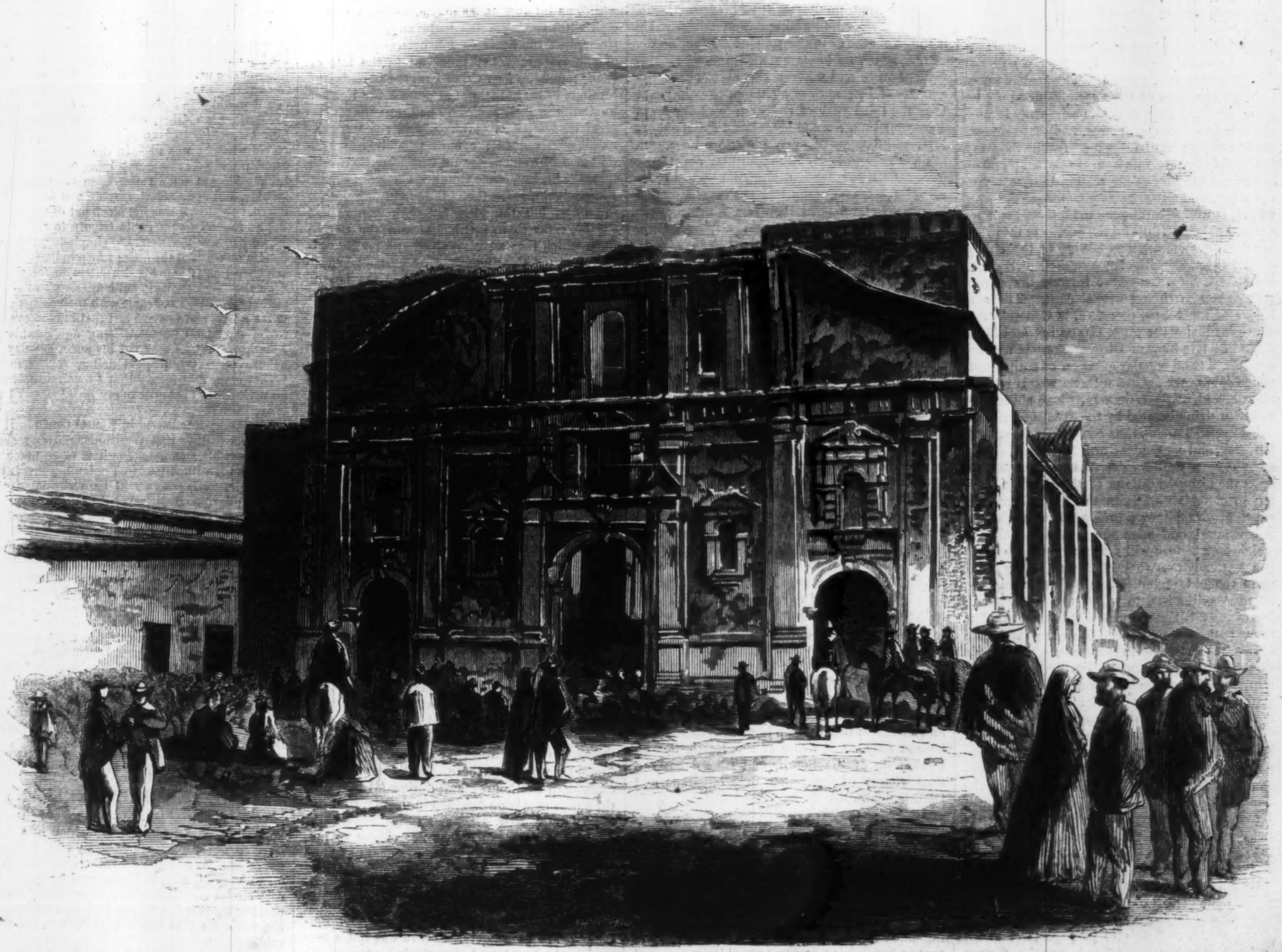


RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF THE COMPAÑIA, AT SANTIAGO, CHILI, AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.—[See Page 71.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

REBEL PROSPECTS.

WHAT are the prospects of the rebellion? The year opens upon our firm hold of our advanced lines, but from beyond them comes no sound or sign of submission from the leading rebels. These leaders, of course, contemplate exile as the last resort. But in the mean while what are they waiting for?

The actual situation of affairs within the Confederacy, as we may conveniently call the area of the rebellion, is easily comprehended from any intelligent witness. We had lately the pleasure, for instance, of talking with a Mississippi merchant who left his home at the end of last September. He says that the disappointment in the result of the rebellion is universal. The Southern people had been deluded into the belief that secession was the easiest thing in the world, and that peace and prosperity would wait upon the unfolding of the Confederate flag. But they have discovered that a war, which is now more hopeless for them than ever, has already ruined them. Trade is at an end. Money is worthless. All industrial activity of every kind is devoted exclusively to the army. In every little hamlet throughout the spare population of the South there is a perfect system of military despotism—the Provost Marshal and his guards exercising a direct supervision over the conduct of men who are individually known, so that the Union men have a tacit understanding only, and every man must always seem zealous in support of the rebel Government. The conscription has swept away every body who can go, and our informant left to avoid being forced into the rebel army. The slaves, who are not ignorant of the reason, are drawn toward the interior; and throughout the rebel domain a terror prevails as absolute as that of France in the worst days of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile the leaders, seeing these things, knowing that general gloom is settling upon the hearts of their followers; that their army is suffering, complaining, and deserting; that the tenacity of the North begins to tell fatally upon the ardor of the South; that the English Government clearly believes the rebel cause to be hopeless, and no other friend yet appears—still doggedly persist, nor even try the experiment upon the North of a bold offer of negotiation.

What is the ground of this persistence? The late correspondent of the London *Times* in this country, the Chevalier Galenga, said that the rebels were desperate, and that it is desperate men who work miracles. But their position is not difficult to comprehend. The leaders know that the condition of their section could not be more wretched than it is. Their army is now the supreme dominant power, and that removes the fear of popular disturbance. While the army is faithful they are safe from revolution; and as the entire industry of the section is tributary to the army, and the army, composed of the poor whites, is well subordinated to its chiefs, so long as those chiefs are faithful the fidelity of the army is tolerably secure. The pledge of the chiefs' fidelity is in their allegiance to their own class, the slaveholders, for whose interest the war is waged, and in their personal peril. The real leader of the rebels, therefore, is General Lee, who is called "the great Captain;" and if he should declare himself Dictator there is no personal hold upon popular affection or enthusiasm which could save Jefferson Davis, who is regarded as a cold, aristocratic man, whose ability has not been demonstrated by the event of the war.

The rebel leaders, thus comparatively sure of the army, and consequently of the domestic quiet secured by a military despotism, count further upon the ultimate fatigue of the North in waging so costly a war, upon the natural reaction which always follows a prolonged tension of the public mind, and upon the financial confusion which they believe will presently overtake us, as it has already overwhelmed them. They count upon the old prejudice against color and the name Abolitionists, to which the Northern allies of the rebels constantly appeal in the effort to prove the war an "Abolition war;" and upon Copperhead success in persuading the people that if the war is constitutionally waged it is impossible to subdue "our Southern brethren," while if it is not constitutionally waged, then the rebels are no more traitors than we.

To these grounds of rebel persistence must be added the expectation of aid from Louis Napoleon, arising from the necessities of his Mexican conquest. For if the Government of the United States subdues the rebellion the French Emperor can not suppose it will remain utterly indifferent to the success of an enterprise undertaken in the full expectation of the overthrow of that Government. But snubbed abroad by Earl Russell in the affair of the European Congress, politely threatened at home with a stoppage of supplies by Thiers, can he retire from Mexico without a loss of prestige fatal to his future? On the other hand, can he remain there upon any terms so sure as the division of this country, and can that be secured so effectively as by direct recognition, treaty as a preferred power, and forcing the blockade? If Europe were likely to assent to such a course he would hardly be deterred under the circumstances by the prospect of a war with this country, because he would rather take the chance of helping the rebels fight us, than of withdrawing from Mexico and fighting Europe to recover his prestige. In pondering the question, the struggle of England would be between the immediate aggrandizement of France if she assented, and the threatening victory of republican principles in this country if she refused to assent. Her political instinct leads her to fear our success; but her present position would be imperiled by a policy which planted France upon this continent, giving her the mines of Mexico and the cotton of our Southern States. And as England always acts upon present and not upon future contingencies, we may believe that she would not favor French interference in our struggle.

It is in such considerations that we find the explanation of rebel persistence after their cause is apparently lost. And they point very plainly to our duty. It is to destroy their armies in the field, and the system for whose defense those armies were raised. For the system is radically and absolutely incompatible with free popular government, and is therefore perpetual rebellion. The war is the proof of it. For whether the Abolitionists or the Secessionists are responsible for it, there would have been neither Abolitionists nor Secessionists without slavery. Every good man and faithful American citizen, therefore, rejoices that to save the Union it was necessary to destroy slavery, and in destroying slavery to pierce the heart of rebellion.

THE NEW UPRISING.

"IF you can succeed in putting your new army in the field," said a rebel Georgia officer lately to a loyal Captain, "we shall have nothing to put against it." If the Georgia prisoner could take a run through the western part of the State of New York he would not doubt that the new National army was coming; for the enthusiasm of enlistment is as great and universal as it was at the beginning of the war. At every military post the crowds are constantly arriving, and the men who are joining the army are of the very best kind. This is true not only of this State, but, as our readers will have seen, of other States, from Vermont to Indiana. The prolongation of the time for paying the bounties is a wise deference to the activity and spirit of the people, and unless something should check the present feeling, no draft will be needed.

What a splendid and imposing testimony this is to the character of the people! What an evidence, which no foreign statesman and no student of men and history can overlook, of the tenacity and strength of a popular Government! It is the third year of the war; we have spent enormous sums; we have endured disasters, delays, and dangers of every kind; we have seen the noblest and best of our youth lay down their lives for the country and human liberty; every call of the lawful authorities has been seconded by the popular heart; the draft, a measure alway disagreeable, however necessary—after one desperate movement of resistance in the city of New York, which was utterly quelled—has been peaceably enforced every where according to its terms;—and now the whole people rises to respond to another call, cheering for the American Union and Liberty until the air rings from the ocean to the Mississippi!

Let us hope that the great shout may be heard by the hearts of the betrayed and deluded citizens of the Southern States, who, under the lead of despotic chiefs, have taken up arms against the Government of their country. For however deep and just and enduring may be the national indignation with those leaders; however firm may be the national resolution that the cause of rebellion shall be destroyed at the same time with its armed hand, in order that the great mass of Southern men, of every kind and color, may enjoy all their rights and peace be permanent, there is not, we sincerely believe, even in the hearts that have been wrung and broken by the chances of this war, any feeling of hostility to the citizens of the South. Of slavery, which has perverted the Government, and which has left those citizens poor and ignorant and wretched, there is now an intelligent and therefore an immortal hate in the breast of the American people. But the cause of the masses of the country in the North and the South is really one, and therefore it is that we hope the present may be not only an uprising of the North, but an awakening of the South, and consequently a final victory of the people over oligarchs and traitors.

SLAVE CHILDREN.

WHEN the war began two things were inevitable: first, that the loathsome secret history of the slave system in this country would be exposed; and, second, that the appalled and indignant common sense of the people would see that no honorable peace was possible except upon condition of the annihilation of the system. Indeed all that the friends of liberty and human rights in this country have ever asked is the freedom of speech. In the days when the Abolitionists were hunted as wild beasts they said calmly that if they were only allowed to speak and tell the truth their victory was sure. And because through fires of hate and rage they persisted in speaking they are the saviours of American liberty. The slave-drivers and their political allies at the North knew equally well that if the constitutional right of discussion were allowed the horrors of the system would be known, and the outraged decency and humanity of the American people would sweep away the iniquity in a flood of wrath. So at the South these gentry hung, and burned, and tarred and feathered, and mobbed every citizen who chose to speak or was suspected of wishing to speak; while at the North the panders of slavery denounced the discussion of the subject, incited mobs against the speakers, and driveled through all their papers and speeches, smooth and dreary slop about the Christianity, and fraternity, and simplicity of "the institution," until people who were prevented by these same efforts from hearing the facts of the case really believed that a society planted upon slavery was a kind of scriptural idyl and patriarchal Arcadia.

The moment these gentry saw political power pass from their hands they knew that the terrible truth would be told, and annihilate their "institution," and therefore they made their grand and desperate movement to destroy the Government and plunge us all into common ruin. And they are right so far as they anticipated the consequences of a popular knowledge of slavery. The war has brought the people of this country face to face with this unspeakable infamy of slavery. The working-men of the Free States, now soldiers in the field, no longer owe their knowledge of it to what Governor Seymour, or Mr. S. F. B. Morse, or Judge Woodward, or Bishop Hopkins, or any newspaper chooses to say of it to advance a political party; they see the thing itself as Mrs. Kemble describes it, as Mr. Olmsted describes it, as Thomas Jefferson describes it, as John Randolph describes it; they see it, indeed, as no human pen can describe it, exactly as General Butler, so long its apologist through ignorance and party-spirit, found it in New Orleans, and as it is in every State, in every city, on every plantation, a double-handed curse, smiting both slave and master.

A terrible illustration of this truth of the outrage of all natural human affections we present to-day in the engravings, from photographs, of slave children upon page 69 of this paper. These are, of course, the offspring of white fathers through two or three generations. They are as white, as intelligent, as docile, as most of our own children. Yet the "chivalry," the "gentlemen" of the Slave States, by the awful logic of the system, doom them all to the fate of swine; and, so far as they can, the parents and brothers of these little ones destroy the light of humanity in their souls. Then, lest the "chivalry" that sells its children, and the "gentlemen" who seduce the most friendless and defenseless of women, should withdraw their custom, the St. Lawrence Hotel, in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, turns the children—flying not for life only, but the girls for their honor, and the boys for their manhood—into the street; upon which they were received and kindly welcomed at the Continental. At a time when, to perpetuate the system which defies the law of God and the instinct of man, the slaveholders are destroying loyal men, noble sons of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania with the rest, the St. Lawrence Hotel strives to propitiate those at the South who do this iniquity, and those at the North who support them in it, by refusing to receive the children whose portraits we give. So every where humanity falls at the touch of this "institution." And so, by God's blessing, the humanity and wisdom of the American People is at this moment touching Slavery to its destruction. Little children like these in the picture this country no longer turns away into untold horrors and despair; but its heart whispers to them, gently, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"

DELAYS ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

THE passengers from Boston by the night train on Saturday the 16th January were due in New York early on Sunday morning. The train reached New Haven at half past two in the morning, where it should have met the train upon the Shore road, and the same locomotive would have drawn both to New York. The Shore train was not there. It did not arrive for more than five hours; and during all that time the passengers were detained in the cavern called a station at New Haven, simply because the New Haven Company does not choose to provide for the most common occurrence, namely a delay upon the Shore road. Arriving in New York toward Sunday noon, about six hours late, there was not the slightest provision at the station in Twenty-seventh Street for the convenience of the passengers. There was not a carriage to be found, and even the luggage was carried off into the Harlem station.

The overcrowding of the cars upon this road is notorious, and is the subject of indignant but fruitless complaint in the daily papers; but such an outrageous delay as that of Saturday night, caused by the stinginess and total want of consideration for the public convenience upon the part of the management of the New Haven Company, ought to be universally exposed. The poor conductor was badgered with every form of impatient complaint, but his instructions, he said, were imperative, and he could not disobey them. Some of the passengers, hearing that one of the directors or managers of the road lived in the city of New Haven, proposed a call upon him before light on Sunday morning; but the conductor declined to tell where he lived. There was in fact no remedy whatever; for the instructions are that the Shore train shall be waited for on Saturday night at New Haven until such an hour as enables the conductor to push on to New York in time to return on Sunday evening.

We doubt if there be another great line in the country which can match such a want of honorable enterprise; and we warn every passenger who proposes to make the journey on Saturday night by rail from Boston to New York, that he is exposed to the risk of this grievous delay at New Haven.

LICKING BOOTS.

LET us hope that Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and all other gentlemen in Congress and elsewhere, will spare us any further propositions that the Government of the United States shall ask the rebel chiefs what kind of Union prisoners they are willing to exchange. For the rebels have but one kind of prisoners, namely, United States soldiers. To allow them to say that they will not exchange young men, but that we may have all the old men; that they will not exchange Frenchmen, but we may have as many Irishmen as we want; that they will not give us white men, but we may take as many colored men as we choose, or *vice versa*, is simply to offer to the rebel leaders a decision, which, until a Government is utterly humiliated, it always retains. It is for us to show rebels that when we choose to accept the service of a soldier we guarantee him a respect and protection exactly equal with that of all other soldiers. Mr. Randall and his friends will probably learn that truth before long, as well as Mr. Jeff Davis and his friends.

THACKERAY'S GRAVE.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM, the sculptor, has begun a marble bust of Thackeray for the Garrick Club. It seems that Thackeray had been long subject to severe spasms in the stomach, and Mr. Sala says that his life has hung by a thread, and that, in his smiling way, he used to say that his machinery seemed at such times to stop and go on again, but that some day it would stop and *not* go on. On the night of his death his mother, who slept in the room over him, heard him moving in his chamber, as she often did when he was ill. In the morning his valet came in and saw Thackeray lying quietly upon his back. He put some coffee upon the table by the bedside, and upon entering again and finding it untasted, saw that it was not sleep but death.

The funeral was a noble tribute to the beloved friend, the great author, the simple-hearted, affectionate man. All the famous men in literature and art were there; and his daughters broke through what the *Spectator* truly calls a "senseless and decaying etiquette," and came with their father's body to the grave, and saw the last that human eye shall see of the fond parent. Long ago, in his first American visit, he took out his purse one day, and holding up a bright gold dollar, said, tenderly, "That is the first money that I touched in America for my work. That goes to my girls! *Don't* I wish to see them!"

Thackeray was buried in Kensal Green. It was a general feeling that Westminster Abbey should have been his monument, as it is of so much else that has been illustrious in England. But it matters little. His grave will be a shrine of affectionate pilgrimage wherever it is. Could there be better words written upon the head-stone than those he wrote in the beginning of his lecture upon Swift? "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We often *hear* of the good Samaritan—I *saw* him the other day in a Jersey ferry omnibus. When I took my seat, I found on the other side, near the door, there was a sick soldier. Very ill, wan, and emaciated he looked, with dark circles round his eyes, and the cape of his overcoat put up over his cap to keep off any breath of air, while his thin hands were bare to the winter cold.

Some one got out who sat next him; immediately the place was taken by a man from the opposite side, who pulled off his own warm gloves and handed them to the soldier. He feebly attempted to decline them, but the other insisted, and he gratefully put them on and looked at his well-covered hands with a sigh of satisfaction. The man was a plain, quiet-looking person, and did the little act of kindness without the slightest ostentation, as if it were a matter of course with him to clothe the naked. Nor was this all, he asked where the soldier was going. I could not hear the reply, but caught only the word "Albany." At the corner of Warren Street the good man got down and lifted the poor fellow out in his arms with the greatest care, readjusted the cape of his coat over his head, and supported him to the sidewalk, and the last I saw of him he was conducting him down Warren Street. I was deeply touched, and said in my heart, God bless him! for had I not two brothers soldiers? and one "is not," and the other is still in the service of his country; and I thought I would tell you, dear Mr. Editor, that through you others might perhaps be prompted to "go and do likewise."

E.

LITERARY.

THE first number of the *North American Review* (Crosby & Nichols, Boston), under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, appeared punctually with the first of the month, and has been read with the interest and curiosity which naturally greet our oldest Quarterly, with which the names of our most illustrious authors and eminent scholars are associated, and which now proposes to take its part in the work of national regeneration. By this we do not mean that the *Review* intends to act as a party-guerrilla; but the present number is the sufficient proof that it does intend to discuss with the utmost ability, earnestness, and good temper the fundamental principles of society and Government which are presented by our war: of course this will not be done to the exclusion of its purely literary discussions. In this January number, for instance, there is a very thorough transcription and reduction of Mr. Ticknor's Life of his friend the historian Prescott, and a very skillful paper upon Mr. Winthrop's early Life of his great ancestor, John Winthrop. The article upon Renan's "Life of Jesus" is the most genial and delightful in spirit that we have seen. It exposes the undue sentimentality of Renan's story, and the frequent flimsiness of his argument; but it is just to the idyllic charm of the work and the sincerity of the author, while it maintains its own difference of opinion with good-humored scholarly courtesy. It is a model paper for the gentle and generous tone in which it discusses radical religious differences. The articles upon the Ambulance System and the Sanitary Commission, written by the most competent hands, are of immediate practical value, while the three political papers grapple various points of our great public debate with a cheerful vigor, insight, skill, and grace which at once rank the *North American* among the leaders of American thought. The copious literary notices are neither puffs, sneers, nor commonplace phrases, but are genuine opinions. As an illustration we may refer the reader to Lieutenant Heard's History of the Sioux War and Massacres. Such book notices are not only useful to authors but valuable to the public. The *North American* is but a quarterly visitor: and there is no Review, domestic or foreign, that we could more heartily commend to universal favor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 13. The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War.—The Military Committee were instructed to inquire whether any obstacle had been thrown in the way of egress of colored men, not liable to military duty; if so, by whom and by what authority.—Mr. Lane of Kansas introduced a bill prohibiting the sale of gold at a higher price than that paid in the regular market in New York for United States 6 per cent. bonds, except for the purpose of exportation in payment of debts, or for the purpose of paying interest upon United States bonds; the penalty is a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $10,000, and imprisonment for not less than six months: referred to Committee on Finance.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis came up and was debated mainly by Senators Davis, Sumner, and Wilson: no vote was taken.——*January* 14. The bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War for one year, at a salary of $3000, was passed.—The Enrollment Bill was taken up. The amendment of the Committee exempting any person who should pay $300, until the time when another draft should be rendered necessary by the exhaustion of the enrollment under which the draft was made, was rejected, 28 to 11. Mr. Sherman's amendment, that a drafted person furnishing a substitute or a commutation of $500 should be liable to another draft on the exhaustion of the present enrollment came up; on motion $400 was inserted in place of $500, and then the whole amendment was not agreed to. Various other amendments were proposed; but those exempting clergymen and non-combatants were finally passed.——*January* 15. The House bill, appropriating $700,000 for paying officers and men in the Western Department of Missouri, was passed.—After current business, the Enrollment bill came up. An amendment making persons who have resided in the United States one year, and who have voted, liable to draft, was adopted. The substitute amendment was renewed, and carried, by 22 to 19, the amount being fixed at $400. The final action, therefore, is that upon the payment of $400 a person drafted under the present call is exempt from this draft, but liable for any future draft.——*January* 16. Mr. Morgan presented a petition from citizens of New York, remonstrating against the exemption of non-naturalized residents from the draft.—The Enrollment bill was taken up and debated, the discussion turning mainly upon the position of colored recruits. Mr. Grimes offered an amendment that the word "white" should be introduced into the bill, so that colored men should not be accepted as substitutes for whites. Mr. Harlan concurred, he did not believe that colored soldiers could be employed with the same results as whites. The colored man should not be accepted as a substitute for his superior. Mr. Davis said that a great proportion of the labor in Kentucky was performed by slaves, and they ought not to be enlisted as substitutes, stripping the Border States of their laboring classes, as substitutes for Northern laborers who remained at home. Mr. Johnson said that it was not believed in Maryland that colored troops could do the duty of whites. Mr. Grimes's amendment was rejected, 28 to 14. Amendments were adopted providing that veteran troops re-enlisting should be credited to the quotas of the districts from which they originally enlisted; and that commutation money should be applied to procuring substitutes in the districts where it was paid, and that colored troops be credited to the States from which they enlist.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution that the President call out 100,000 men for 100 days, for the sole purpose of driving the rebels from Virginia: rejected.—The Senate adjourned till Monday, 18th.——*January* 18. After unimportant business, the joint resolutions offering thanks to Hooker, Meade, Howard, and the Army of the Potomac, and to Burnside and Banks, and their officers and men, were adopted.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill to incorporate the "North American Land and Emigration Company," with a capital of $1,000,000, with privilege to increase it to $5,000,000, the object being to promote the sale and settlement of unoccupied lands, and to develop the mineral and agricultural resources of the country: referred to Committee on Agriculture.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, and after slight amendments was passed, by 30 to 10.—A resolution of thanks to Cornelius Vanderbilt, for his donation to Government of the steamer *Vanderbilt*, was passed.——*January* 19. Resolutions were reported favorably upon thanking General Thomas and his troops for services at Chicamauga, and to Admiral Dupont and Commodore Cadwallader Ringgold, and officers and men of the frigate *Sabine*.—The Finance Committee reported in favor of authorizing the Secretary to increase the pay of certain inspectors of customs, not exceeding one dollar a day.—The rule requiring an additional oath from Senators came up. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, spoke at length in opposition to it. As he was the only Senator who had not taken the oath the rule must be aimed at him. He denied the constitutionality of the rule; and said, in conclusion, that by loyalty he understood steadfast adherence to the organic law as defined by the Constitution, and an ardent support of the guarantees for civil and religious liberty which it was the design of the framers to perpetuate. If loyalty meant any thing but adherence to the spirit and letter of the Constitution he wished to be considered disloyal; and when it was so decided he would meet the issue as became his dignity as an American Senator. Mr. Collamer rose to reply, but gave way until the next day, in order that the Senate might go into executive session.

HOUSE.—*January* 13. The Committee on the Judiciary reported a joint resolution explanatory of the Confiscation Act: it provides that it shall not be construed to work forfeiture except during the lifetime of the offender, as provided in the Constitution, with a proviso that no warning shall be required except the President's Proclamation of July 25, 1862; the proviso was adopted by 77 to 54; the resolution was laid over.—After some business of detail the Judiciary Committee reported back a bill to enable the President to carry into immediate effect the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, and prohibiting the holding of certain persons as slaves in designated States.—Debate arose on the President's plan of reconstruction, in the course of which Mr. Yeaman of Kentucky denied that a State could be in insurrection, though persons in it might be. Emancipation and confiscation should be left to the judicial tribunals. He was for putting down the rebellion by force of arms; but rebellion did not work forfeiture of the rights of loyal persons. He was in favor of encouraging the loyal people to resume the functions of loyal States. The ordinances of secession were void. Kentucky and the other Border States were the most unconditionally Union of any on the continent.——*January* 14. The resolution explanatory of the Confiscation Act was debated at length, mainly between Mr. Cox of Ohio and Mr. Davis of Maryland.—The joint resolution from the Senate providing that the commutation-money be specially appropriated to the expenses of drafting and the payment of substitutes was adopted. The bill for increasing the revenue came up; an amendment that all spirits distilled since August 31, 1862, now on sale or reserved for consumption, shall pay the duty provided by the present act, was adopted.——*January* 15. No business of general importance was transacted unless under this class may come a bill allowing small packages of clothing to be sent by mail at the rate of eight cents for two pounds; and the Senate bill providing for an Assistant Secretary of War. The House adjourned till Monday, 18th.——*January* 18. The use of the Hall was granted to the Christian Commission for anniversary meeting in spite of the opposition of Mr. Cox, who animadverted severely upon Miss Dickinson's address on the evening of the 16th.—Mr. Dawson offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the President be requested to announce that when any State now in insurrection shall submit all hostilities against it shall cease, and it shall be protected from all external interference with its local laws and institutions: laid on the table by 79 to 56.—Mr. Cox offered a resolution requesting the President to appoint Commissioners to negotiate with the Southern authorities for an exchange of prisoners; and that "the negotiation be withdrawn from the hands of Major-General Butler, who, as it is reported, is unable, from causes connected with his past military conduct, to hold intercourse with those charged with this business at Richmond: laid on the table by 91 to 56.—The Military Committee reported back the Senate resolution for a joint Select Committee to report on the conduct and expenses of the war; after some slight amendments the resolution was agreed to by 106 to 23.—Mr. Harding offered a resolution that the right of each State to order and control its own local affairs is essential to the balance of power on which our political fabric depends: referred to Committee on Rebellious States.—The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of retiring General Robert Anderson, with full pay and allowances.—Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, offered a resolution that "it is the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the people to meet the rebellion, fight it, and forever destroy it, thereby establishing perfect and unalterable liberty:" a motion to lay on the table was rejected by 101 to 27, and the resolution passed by 112 to 16.—Mr. Holman offered a resolution condemning the practice of retaining in pay military officers with undefined leave of absence, and instructing the Military Committee to provide a remedy: adopted.——*January* 19. The joint resolution explaining and amending the Confiscation Act was brought up and debated, after which the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The special subject was the tax upon distilled spirits. Various sums, ranging from 50 cents to $1 20, were suggested. An amendment making the tax 50 cents per gallon was rejected. Mr. Morrill said that the rate proposed by the Committee, 60 cents per gallon, was the utmost that spirits would bear as a revenue measure. The Committee rose without coming to any definite conclusion.—Mr. Fernando Wood introduced a bill to reimburse the city of New York for expenses incurred in calling out troops to suppress the rebellion.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

No active operations of any consequence have disturbed the quiet of camp life during the past week. The raid of Stuart upon Leesburg is proved to have existed only in rumor. So far as the roads will permit, however, the guerrilla forces in Virginia exhibit a good degree of activity. The rebels have a strong line of works along the Rapidan, which they have been fortifying ever since last April, with a view to future operations on our part against Richmond. Our army is in the most excellent condition, and is about to be divided into three corps, thus undergoing a complete reorganization in respect of its command. General Marston, with a considerable force of cavalry and infantry, assisted by the flotilla, has lately made a raid upon Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Richland counties, destroying large quantities of provisions, burning a bridge at Farnham's Creek, and taking twenty-five prisoners.

EAST TENNESSEE.

A cavalry fight took place on Sunday the 10th inst. at Strawberry Plains, in which the rebels were repulsed. General Longstreet has been strongly reinforced from the armies of Lee and Johnston. General Grant has been making a tour of his department, having especial reference to the situation at Knoxville, which seems to be the objective point toward which the enemy will be most likely to move upon the resumption of the campaign. There is a strong guerrilla army scattered about in detachments to the southwest of Grant's position at Chattanooga, but fortunately we have a superior cavalry force which would render it useless for any practical effect. On the 12th a fight occurred between a part of Colonel M'Cook's cavalry and the Eighth and Eleventh Texas regiments at Mossy Creek. Fourteen of the enemy were killed and forty-one taken prisoners. On the 14th the rebel General Vance made a raid toward Temsville, capturing a train of twenty-three wagons; but Palmer pursuing him, recaptured the wagons, took Vance, his Inspector, and his Adjutant prisoners. Railroads are being repaired and bridges rebuilt with great rapidity in Tennessee, in preparation for the next campaign, in which velocity of movement will be an unusually important element of success.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The development of popular sentiment in North Carolina is tending rapidly toward peace. The Raleigh *Progress*, going always just so far as it is backed by popular opinion, says that unless the leaders who have misled and betrayed the Southern people make some overtures of peace, on the best terms which can be made, starvation will soon stare the country in the face, and develop an opposition against the Confederate Government which will not stop short of revolution, and the muscle of the country will be arrayed against its aristocracy. We shall not exaggerate the significance of these utterances if we accept them as an expression of the prevailing popular sentiment in North Carolina. Indeed the people in the western counties of the State have been deprived of all mail facilities on the ground of their disloyalty to the Confederate Government. The Richmond *Sentinel* of the 14th appeals to the people of the State in the most imploring manner to stand by the Confederacy to the last.

FORTRESS MONROE.

There is now a good prospect that there will soon be a resumption of the exchange of prisoners. General Butler has been invested with plenipotential power in this matter, and the enemy, though at first disposed to indulge their prejudices rather than their humanities, seem to have come boldly up to the sticking point, contenting themselves by way of satisfaction with abusing General Butler.

CHARLESTON.

A great number of shells have been thrown into the city. General Gilmore has made Hilton Head his head-quarters during the winter. The firing on Fort Sumter appears to have been discontinued; a rebel garrison still retains its position among the ruins, and from authentic information it appears that our late bombardment of the fort has rather fortified than weakened this position. Movements are now contemplated which will bring the entire siege to a crisis early in the spring. An expedition up Morrill's Inlet has destroyed a rebel schooner lying there loaded with cotton, rosin, and turpentine.

LOUISIANA.

General Banks, on the 11th, issued a proclamation to the people of Louisiana, on the basis of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, inviting the loyal citizens to vote on the 22d of February for State officers to constitute the Civil Government of the State, under the Constitution of Louisiana, except in so far as that Constitution relates to slavery. The sworn oath of allegiance is to be the only qualification enabling the citizens thus to cast their votes. He also orders a convention to be held next April for the revision of the Constitution as relates to slavery, and announces that an election for Members of Congress will soon take place. At the same time the General proclaims that, for the present, the fundamental law of the State is martial law.

A CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Some interesting developments have lately grown out of the seizure of some letters of a rebel agent in Europe, Colonel C. A. Lamar. Mr. Lamar, it appears, has been engaged in numerous schemes for the Confederacy, the most important of which is speculation in cotton. He has had sub-agents in New York city and Brooklyn who seem to have had not a little to do with Wall Street and the gold market. The correspondence reveals the difficulties and discouragements that have irritated and excited the profanity of these poor fellows, and also an amount of gullibility that is extremely amusing. Mr. Lamar was even made to believe that powder might be made out of plaster and a little warm water, and came very near negotiating with parties in Paris for this extraordinary sort of ammunition. A noticeable scheme is broached in one of these letters, according to which the Confederacy is to be made a protectorate of the French Government as the price of recognition.

THE REBEL SITUATION.

The Richmond papers express the most anxious solicitude in regard to the next campaign. "The enemy," says the *Sentinel*, "will press us hard. They are buying mercenaries for the fight as men buy sheep for the shambles. They are paying bounties the half of which the world never heard of before. They will commence the next campaign, too, with some advantages of position which they did not have in the beginning of 1863. They will begin at Chattanooga instead of Nashville, at Vicksburg instead of Memphis. The division of opinion which is rapidly developing among the people, as to the further prosecution of the war, comes just at the time when it is most injurious to the prospects of the Confederacy; it is distracting us when distraction is destruction." The willingness with which our veteran regiments are re-enlisting suggest a very uncomfortable comparison with the willingness shown by rebel regiments to disband and desert.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

GENERAL BERG has promised the Russian Government that he will put down the Polish insurrection in two months, on condition that he may exile or in any other way punish offenders at his own discretion. The insurrectionists are in considerable force in Sandomir and Cracow, where they have 3000 men and 300 cavalry, under very experienced officers.—The Sultan has accepted Napoleon's invitation to the European Congress. The Turks were hastily fortifying the Servian and Wallachian frontiers.—Garibaldi has sent in his resignation as Deputy of the Italian Parliament. The King of Italy on New-Year's Day expressed his regret to the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies that the year 1863 had not afforded a favorable opportunity to accomplish the political redemption of Italy. The Pope has addressed a letter to Jefferson Davis, wherein he styles the latter "illustrious and honorable President;" and after invoking God's blessing on him and his people, expresses the hope that he may be attached to himself by the bonds of perfect friendship.—On the 24th of December Kossuth issued a proclamation to Hungarians, inciting them to revolution, which provoked a great deal of discussion and apprehension at Vienna.

On New-Year's Day Napoleon expressed to Mr. Dayton the hope that the year 1864 would be one of peace and reconciliation in the United States. The Archduke Maximilian seems disposed to accept the Mexican throne; he will soon be at Paris, whence it is probably intended that he shall embark for Mexico.—The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty is gradually approaching its crisis. England has protested against the Federal occupation of the duchies, and in dispatches sent to the courts of Austria and Prussia insists on the treaty of 1852 as still binding upon the signitaries; that it would not look quietly upon the dismemberment of the Danish monarchy; and that in the event of any attempt at the infringement of the territorial rights of Denmark it would be the duty of Great Britain to afford the latter moral and material support. The attitude taken by Napoleon is similar to that of England; he has expressed to the Duke of Augustenburg his regret that the Confederation has seen fit to interfere in Holstein before the question of the succession has been decided, declaring, moreover, that if Denmark should suffer by the operations of her more powerful neighbors, public opinion in France would turn in her behalf. The Duke himself, on the first of January, issued a proclamation to the people of the duchies, expressing his conviction that the Federal execution has now ceased to have any object, yet advising his subjects to respect the Federal administration, and to avoid any conflict. Prussia and Austria remain yet undecided as to what attitude they shall assume in regard to the question. Sweden and Norway, however, side with Denmark. The Danes have completely evacuated Holstein, but King Christian has called out 14,000 veteran troops.

MEXICO.

The London *News* says that General Forey obtained a promise from the United States not to dispute the Mexican monarchy, and made promises in return in regard to the Confederacy. At last accounts the Mexican and French armies were rapidly approaching in the vicinity of Tlapultan, near Columba, the former being 7000 strong and the latter 18,000. The Mexican Generals Uragua and Jopia intended to risk an engagement.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following is the official list for the month of January of officers ordered upon duty from the Instruction Ship *Savannah*, at the New York Navy-yard.

ENSIGNS.

NAMES.	REPORTED.	WHERE ORDERED.	DATE.
A. T. Stover	Jan. 1, 1863	*Water Witch*	Mch. 4, 1863
C. B. Pray	" 2 "	*Oleander*	" 5 "
C. F. Willard	" 3 "	Phila., for special duty	Jan. 15 "
J. C. Staples	" 4 "	*Oleander*	Mch. 5 "
Geo. Taylor	" 9 "	*E. B. Hale*	Jan. 10 "
C. H. Choate	" 10 "	*Ottawa*	Mch. 6 "
R. Bentson	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
A. O. Paine	" 10 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
R. C. Wright	" 12 "	New Orleans for duty	Feb. 16 "
C. Wappenhaus	" 15 "	*Ticonderoga*	Mch. 6 "
G. A. Patterson	" 16 "	*Sumter*	" 5 "
R. S. Ryder	" 16 "	*Ticonderoga*	" 6 "
E. H. Watkeys	" 17 "	No. At. Block'g Squad	" 11 "
G. Gerrard	" 19 "	*Southfield*	" 25 "
S. P. Butler	" 19 "	*Arizona*	" 11 "
R. Burke	" 24 "	*Lehigh*	" 20 "
S. B. Davis	" 24 "	*Courier*	" 21 "
J. H. Nash	" 26 "	No. At. Block'g Squad	" 11 "
J. A. Merrill	" 26 "	*Catskill*	Feb. 17 "
G. M. Prindle	" 27 "	*Courier*	" 14 "

ACTING MASTER'S MATES.

NAMES.	REPORTED.	WHERE ORDERED.	DATE.
Chas. H. Blount	Jan. 1, 1863	*De Soto*	Jan. 7, 1863
W. A. Purdy	" 2 "	*Lackawana*	" 3 "
T. H. M'Donald	" 2 "	*Perry*	" 20 "
L. S. Locke	" 3 "	Dismissed	" 17 "
W. G. M'Nair	" 3 "	*Perry*	" 20 "
J. Bishop	" 2 "	*Violet*	" 15 "
G. H. Marks	" 7 "	*Violet*	" 15 "
C. H. Armstrong	" 9 "	*Union*	" 19 "
J. H. Mallon	" 13 "	*Arizona*	" 29 "
C. F. Bridges	" 15 "	*Perry*	" 20 "
S. S. Bissell	" 19 "	*Arizona*	" 29 "
R. Hunter	" 19 "	*De Soto*	" 29 "
H. Heliker	" 20 "	*Arizona*	" 29 "
J. N. Kihlborn	" 23 "	*De Soto*	" 29 "
T. Brewer	" 23 "	*Ossipee*	Feb. 5 "
A. H. L. Boivie	" 28 "	*Bienville*	" 7 "
A. L. C. Boivie	" 28 "	*Bienville*	" 7 "
H. E. Hopkinson	" 29 "	East Gulf Squadron	Mch. 5 "

The Secretary of War, in answer to the resolution of the House, reports the number of Generals unemployed, length of time off duty, their staff, and pay of each, with the number off duty in consequence of wounds received in the service: Major-Generals unemployed, 14; Brigadier-Generals, 11; total, 25. Staff-officers of the same, 25; three Colonels, one Lieutenant-Colonel, and seven Lieutenants. Total monthly pay of officers and their staffs, $12,200.

An order has been issued authorizing General BURNSIDE to recruit and fill up the 9th Army Corps to the number of 50,000 men. Major-General HANCOCK has been ordered to Pennsylvania, to superintend recruiting and volunteering for his corps. The General has power to increase his Army Corps to 50,000.

It is reported that Generals CADWALLADER, HUNTER, and WADSWORTH have been appointed a Commission for the purpose of investigating into the conduct of the campaign at Chicamauga.

LONGSTREET is fortifying at Bull's Gap. He is reported to have been reinforced by 12,000 infantry. His entire force is estimated at 34,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry.

The thirty-five men belonging to the First Massachusetts Cavalry who were captured by guerrillas a few days since made their escape from the rebels, and have all returned.

Fourteen rebel officers, among them Captain J. S. LEE, nephew of General ROBERT E. LEE, have been sent from the Old Capitol to Fort M'Henry for confinement.

The States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa have been formed into a military department, under the command of Major-General HEINTZELMAN, with head-quarters at Cincinnati.

Mr. WARFIELD, a merchant of Baltimore, has gone to Richmond, by the authority of the War Department, to endeavor to effect the exchange of Senator WHITE, of Pennsylvania, for General TRIMBLE, who is a relation of Mr. WARFIELD.

The rebel steamer *Florida* had completed her repairs at Brest, and anchored about two hundred yards from the *Kearsage*. She would sail in February. A French vessel will accompany each, at an interval of twenty-four hours.

The Senate has passed resolutions of thanks to Generals HOOKER, MEADE, HOWARD, BURNSIDE, and BANKS, and their officers and men. Also a vote of thanks to CORNELIUS VANDERBILT for the steamer *Vanderbilt*.

Lieutenant-General SCOTT, a third time, entreats the forbearance of correspondents. He still receives thrice the number of letters he can read, and a multitude more than he can acknowledge. To open applications for autographs alone he finds oppressive, though it is long since he has answered one, and he hopes to be pardoned for adding that his observations on men and events are often misrepresented by letter-writers he has not seen.

Lieutenant HOLLOWAY, son of the Commissioner of Patents, while on a foraging expedition with thirty men from the Army of the Potomac, was captured by the enemy after a determined resistance, and is now *en route* for the Libey prison.

Captain FRANK W. MARSTON, of the Signal Corps of the Army of the Potomac, has been ordered to New Orleans as Chief Signal Officer of the Department of the Gulf.

EDWARD SMITH, Ninth New York Artillery, H. STONE, Second New York Cavalry, R. P. BARKER, Tenth New York Artillery, G. S. PROSSER, Ninth New York Artillery, and THOMAS FARRELL, Second New York Veteran Cavalry, have died in Washington during the past week.

Captain W. W. WHITE, Provost Marshal of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania district (Williamsport), has been dismissed the service, and arrested and lodged in the Old Capitol prison, for alleged frauds in the business of his office.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. SUYDAM, of the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, on Major-General PLEASANTON'S staff, has resigned his position, to accept the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Third New Jersey Cavalry, commanded by Colonel A. J. MORRISON.

Brigadier-General SAXTON was on New-Year's Day presented with a handsome sword by the negro troops of the Department of the South "as a testimonial of the gratitude of the freedmen for his sacrifices and labors to procure their liberty, protection, and elevation."

General GILMORE is trying the strength of one of his 300-pounder Parrotts. The gun is sighted for Charleston, and has been fired, at intervals of ten minutes, about 500 times, dropping a shell each time into the cradle of secession.

General DIX has promulgated an order for a Military Commission to meet at Fort Lafayette on the 19th inst. "to examine and investigate the cases of persons there detained other than prisoners of war and convicts." This is supposed to reach the Custom-house cases. Major JOHN A. BOLLES is Judge-Advocate.

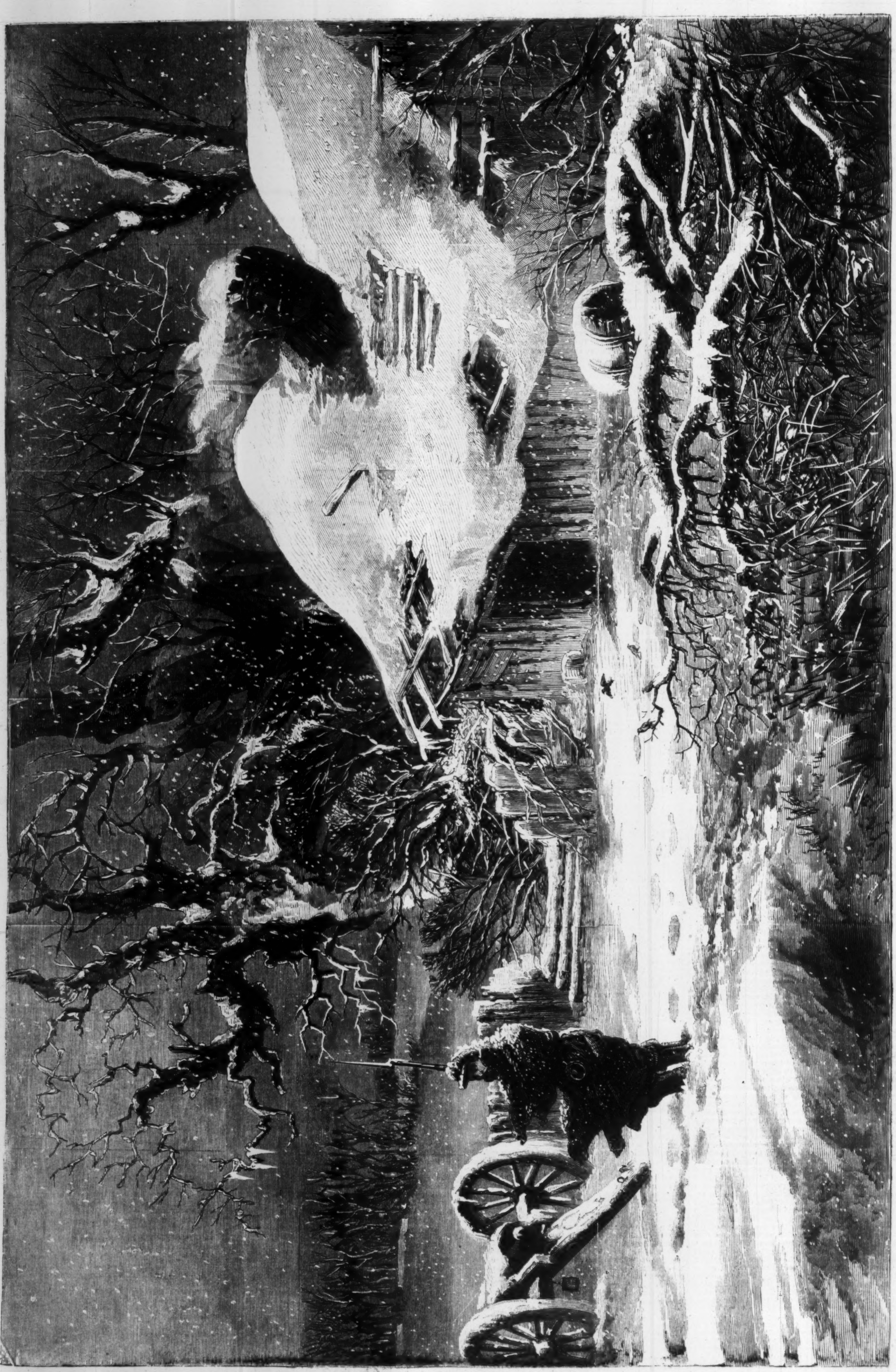
On January 8 General MORGAN had a reception by the authorities at Richmond. Mayor MAYO welcomed him and General J. R. B. STUART made one of the speeches.

The body of a soldier was found hanging at Smith Mills, North Carolina, on the 14th instant, with the following words placarded upon it: "Here hangs private SAMUEL JONES, of the Fifth Ohio regiment, hung by order of Major-General PICKET, in retaliation for private DAVID BRIGHT, of the Sixty-second Georgia regiment. Hung December 18th, by order of Brigadier-General WILD."

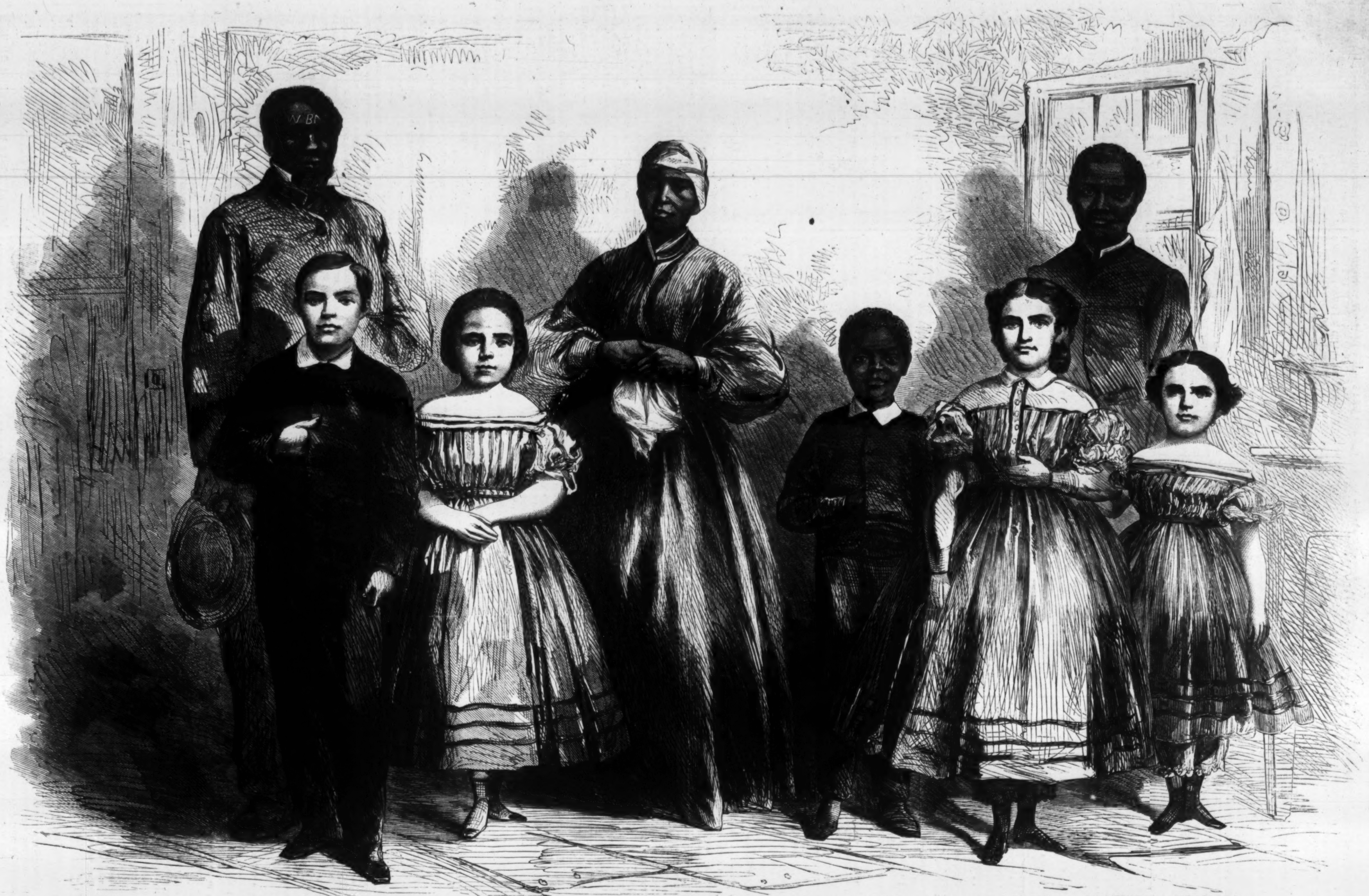
Captain C. H. POTTER, of New York, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and is assigned to duty under General HEINTZELMAN.

It is rumored that Major-General M'Clernand has resigned, or will soon resign, and appeal to the public against the injustice that has been done to him.

The estimated cost of clothing for the army during the next fiscal year is fifty-eight millions of dollars.



SNOWY MORNING—ON PICKET.


Wilson Chinn.
Charles Taylor.
Augusta Broujey.
Mary Johnson.
Isaac White.
Rebecca Huger.
Robert Whitehead.
Rosina Downs.

EMANCIPATED SLAVES, WHITE AND COLORED.—The Children are from the Schools established in New Orleans, by Order of Major-General Banks.—[See Page 71.]

[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

POLLY-MY-LAMB rang the bell for Mrs. Goodall, her mother's old attendant and housekeeper, and, pointing out the little pale figure, inquired if she knew by whom that house was tenanted.

"It's little Arthur Haggerdorn, as I live!" ejaculated Mrs. Goodall, holding up her hands. "If I didn't think he was dead, poor boy, and buried with his mother!"

She then informed her young mistress that the house was let in lodgings. Some weeks since a lady and her son had arrived, it was supposed from abroad, and had taken up their abode there. Both—the lady especially—were suffering from indisposition, which, after a few days, resulted in fever of a dangerous kind, and hurried the poor woman to her grave, whither the boy had nearly followed her. Indeed, Mrs. Goodall, too much occupied with the troubles at home to keep her usual vigilant eye upon her neighbors, imagined that he had really died.

Little or nothing was known of the pair beyond their name, which had an outlandish sound; but the lady having left behind her, among other things, several rich jewels and at least a hundred guineas in money, the worthy landlady, Mrs. Ascroft, saw no insecurity in exercising her kindly feelings, and had accordingly nursed the youth, with the greatest solicitude, through his illness up to his then present point of convalescence.

"If you please, miss," concluded Mrs. Goodall, "I'll pop over presently, about tea-time, and ask the good lady of the house something about him, poor orphan!"

If, however, "popping over" implies speedy return, as well as rapid movement, that portion of the plan was not adhered to. It was nearly three hours before Mrs. Goodall popped back. But, *then*, she was, like Jacques, "full of matter."

"If you please, miss," she began, "Mrs. Ascroft says you've been and saved his life."

"Saved his life!"

"Before he was ill, that's Arthur, he used to make Mrs. Ascroft tell him all about our misfortunes here. He would sit at the window hours together, neglecting his lessons and every thing else, and watching for you, though he could only catch a glimpse now and then, because you never went near the window, only walked wild-like up and down the room. He couldn't help crying sometimes (for you see, miss, 'tis only a child, and weak with his long illness), because he could do nothing for to help and comfort you; and when at last he heard that you was become an orphan, like himself, he went nearly frantic. After that he was so bad that they thought he was going, and, to-day, *he* thought so too, and made them promise that when they knew he had only a few more hours to live they would prop him up in his window, that he might see you once perfectly, if God would give him that comfort. And strange enough, you did come; and, what's stranger still, his sickness took a turn, and to-night the doctor said if the boy's kept quiet, and soothed, and let sleep, he will live. I went up and saw the poor thing—what's left of him, that is. He's like the ghost of an angel," concluded Mrs. Goodall, with vague psychology. "Such a beautiful countenance *I* never set eyes on!"

Polly-my-Lamb said little that evening, but her thoughts were not idle. The great purpose of her soul stood out, strong and dominant as ever; but a new idea had become associated with it. This boy, with his deep sympathy, and patient, persevering will, faithful even to the very threshold of death—this orphan, like herself, endowed with similar resolution—might he not, boy as he was, be the predestined instrument in the hands of that Providence which works by means unlooked-for by the wise to assist her in her filial purpose?

The little maiden's feet trembled somewhat as they bore her, more slowly than she had ever walked before, toward the window, on the morrow, and for a moment she could not raise her eyes. When she accomplished this, a warm blush—which must have been lying in ambush, so promptly did it appear—spread upward to the very roots of her auburn hair. There sat, or rather reclined, the beautiful boy, white and wasted, indeed, but with light and life in his eye, and a gay smile on his parted lips, his bright glossy hair dressed and curled as if for a holiday.

"It *is* a child, as Goodall said," soliloquized Polly-my-Lamb, half amused at her own agitation, half disappointed as the prospect of an efficient ally melted into air. "He looked so much older yesterday, the little thing!"

As she gazed the lad inclined his head respectfully, and did not raise it again for a moment, during which Polly-my-Lamb debated hastily with herself whether she should return his greeting. Just as she had resolved to indulge him by doing so, Stephen entered the room, and announced Sir James Polhill, who presently appeared, followed by another person. This second individual was a very slender man, with a bronzed face, and bright intelligent eyes. He bowed to the young lady, and remained near the door.

"Good-morrow, my dear young friend," said Sir James. "I told you yesterday that I hoped to introduce into our plans a new and very important auxiliary. Here you see him—Henry Armour—our most capable, and I may add, successful officer, for he has never yet been foiled in any of the cases (and they are not a few) confided to him. He has been in England but a few hours, and yet, strange to say, has managed to hit off the track which has evaded the rest of us, till your patience, like our own, has all but failed."

"Do you mean, Sir, that you have got upon the track of the murderers?" said Polly-my-Lamb, clasping her hands.

Mr. Armour bowed distinct assent.

"Oh!" she continued, hurriedly. "Oh, never leave them! Why are you here *now?* They may escape the while."

"Calm yourself, my dear," said the magistrate, "and you shall know as much as *we* know. Tell her every thing, Armour."

Thereupon Mr. Armour produced a small packet, and, opening it, displayed a richly enameled snuff-box, in the centre of the lid of which appeared a gold shield bearing heraldic devices, and surmounted by an earl's coronet. This he placed upon the table, as if it were to be his text, and, in clear and quiet tones, delivered himself as follows:

"Sir James has been pleased, Madam, to pay me a compliment, of which, in this case at least, I am wholly undeserving. It is to sheer good fortune, not sagacity, we owe this clew. After having been made acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, and satisfied myself that no sort of suspicion attached to any of your household, while, at the same time, it was clear that the habits of your father had been ascertained by the assailants, it occurred to me that strict inquiry should be made in the immediate vicinity, with a view of learning whether any person or persons had been noticed *watching* the house and its inmates, prior to the occurrence. At the very first place—a lodging-house—exactly opposite—"

"Mrs. Ascroft's!"

"You know her, Madam? A very respectable, sharp-witted woman. She told me at once that, about the period we were speaking of, a person of gentlemanly demeanor, with light bushy hair, and rather profuse beard, engaged two rooms, front and back, on her second floor. He took a dislike to the back room, complaining of stable noises, and so forth, caused his bed to be removed into the front, certainly far less quiet, apartment, and there, though to all appearance in the enjoyment of perfect health, he passed the greater portion of his days, and probably all the nights, in bed! Occasionally he walked out in the evenings, always carefully muffled up. Altogether, Mrs. Ascroft was so little satisfied with her lodger's singular ways that she was rather pleased than otherwise to receive a note from him, late one evening, intimating that though he had engaged his lodging for another week he did not purpose to return; and requested that his luggage might be forwarded to the coffee-house from which his communication was dated. Now, what was the date of this man's occupancy? Unfortunately, Mrs. Ascroft was unable to determine it within several days. It was certainly in March, and, as nearly as she could remember, just previous to the presumed murder. His effects, consisting only of a small quantity of clothes and linen—the latter marked with the initials 'H. H.'—were sent to Sim's coffee-house, as he had directed."

But now came the important feature. That back room, abandoned by the lodger, had, within these few days, been denuded of its principal furniture, preparatory to some repairs in the wainscoting, when, between the wall and a heavy clothes-press, was discovered the snuff-box now submitted to the young lady's inspection. Well, it was but a snuff-box; but observe the arms and coronet. On a fesse wavy azure, three falcons sable, with jesses of the first. Motto, "Picke and Pille," the old words for "filch and plunder." Coronet of an earl. This was the blazon of the noble house of Hawkweed, whose present head was the reputed father of the greatest villain in London, "Lord Lob." "And it is a well-known whim of that unblushing miscreant," added Mr. Armour, who had a profound respect for heraldry, "to desecrate this illustrious badge by placing it on every object he possesses."

As it chanced, no one had since occupied the room, excepting for a few days, the deceased Mrs. Haggerdorn, and hers the box could not be, since her son, who had had charge of all she possessed, remembered no such article.

"Our inference is," concluded the officer, "that the mysterious lodger was Lord Lob himself, in one of the disguises in which he excels; that the snuff-box accidentally slipped out of his sight and memory, and thus providentially supplied a clew of which we will never let go."

"You see, therefore, my dear," said the worthy magistrate, as comment on the address of his subordinate, "there is, at length, every probability of success attending our efforts. Hitherto, I own, the suspicions attaching to this leader of Black-Thumbs were not sufficiently defined to justify the risks that must be run in getting hold of him. Armed with this little talisman" (he patted the snuff-box), "we shall be no longer troubled with such scruples; though I warn you that the fellow we have to deal with, the pest of London, is the most crafty, as well as the most daring of outlaws, and must be encountered with qualities like his own—ingenuity and hardihood. If Armour succeeds—"

(Mr. Armour smiled slightly, and his lips mutely assumed that form which would be necessary to pronounce the word "*if*.")

"—he will have well earned the most liberal reward your generosity has proposed for him. You look pale and agitated, and no wonder! Farewell, my dear, for the present. When I come again, I trust it will be to bring you important tidings."

Why does the girl tremble as she moves up and down the room; and, stopping at length, sinks on her knees before her father's picture on the spot where she had so lately recorded her solemn vow?

In the afternoon Polly-my-Lamb made up her mind to send for Mrs. Ascroft, and question her further on the subject of her lodger and her snuff-box.

That lady came, and not only related at considerable length what she could bring to bear on this topic, but further touched upon the subject of her late lodgers; and, receiving no check, launched out boldly into praises of the poor boy, whom she had nursed and cared for, till she was as fond of him as though he had been her own.

"He thinks of you all day, and I am confident dreams of no one else all night. Whatever you may call it, this fancy of his will be his life or death, according as you please to behave."

"*Behave!*" repeated Polly-my-Lamb, aghast at this plain speaking.

"Well, miss," continued Mrs. Ascroft, "last night, for the first time, he slept so quietly it was a treat to look at him; and he was up to-day as fresh as a rose; you might see him getting well under your very eyes! I wish, ma'am—if I might make so bold" (dropping a courtesy), "you would be so kind, now and then, as just to look out of the window!"

Polly-my-Lamb blushed scarlet, and executed a frown, which, however, having no constitution to speak of, faded presently away. The blush, conscious of itself, remained.

"You needn't look at *him*, you see," pleaded Mrs. Ascroft, earnestly.

Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and the landlady, with a woman's quick perception, saw it was a favorable moment to take her departure.

"It will be the saving of an innocent young life, if you should, miss."

This shot was fired from the door, and Polly-my-Lamb was alone. Suppose we leave her so? What do you think? She is a dear, good girl, and may be trusted. Goodness forbid that we should be guilty of the meanness of watching her!

All we know further is that, about three o'clock that same day, Master Arthur Haggerdorn rallied considerably: so much so that if, in the morning, he had reminded Mrs. Ascroft of a rose, he might, in the evening, have been easily mistaken for a peony.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR JAMES POLHILL sat in council with his vizier.

"Yes, I think it will do," said the chief. "After all, however, we want motive, eh?"

"We have that also, Sir James, as I will show you, with permission. I found a moment or two, this morning, to have some talk with the clerk, Middlemiss. He has always been persuaded that his principal had private dealings with the Amsterdam house, Dietrich & Co., who failed about a year since under circumstances which rendered them liable to a criminal process. Yes, Middlemiss believes that Mr. Humpage, from motives of generosity, assisted the house with considerable advances, though it is certain that no securities in their names can be found among his papers. The clerk's belief is grounded upon other circumstances with which I need not trouble you. Some suspicion of the rectitude of these people—Dietrich & Co.—may have induced Mr. Humpage to discontinue his support—perhaps even to press for repayment of his former loans—and, in revenge, or to evade such claims, this crime may have been devised or perpetrated. The younger Dietrich is known by the Dutch police as one of the most reckless scoundrels unhanged—a commercial pirate. However, this latter part, except as to Dietrich's character, is only our conjecture, since no record exists of Mr. Humpage's transactions with them beyond the payment of several large sums, without apparent consideration, one at least of which passed through the hands of their agent in London."

"It wears a likely aspect, Armour; and Lord Lob was a man exactly to their hand," said Sir James, as cheerfully as if the fact had been of the most providential character. "But now, mind what you are about in tackling this fellow. You'll find it as much as you can manage. I'm not nervous in such matters, as you will allow, but I don't mind owning that I shall not be entirely at ease in *this* till I have his lordship in limbo and yourself in a whole skin. You may smile, Armour, but I can not afford to have a vacancy in the police body, which, upon my word, I should be at a loss to fill."

"No fear, Sir James," said the officer, with his accustomed coolness. "When do you want him?"

"No sooner than you can put the needful amount of salt on his tail."

"I shall take him to-night."

"To-night? Why, Armour, you're a wizard!" cried Sir James, rubbing his hands, and becoming infected with the other's confidence. "But what's your plan?"

"There's a row among the gang—a split. What it is I can not make out, but our luck is certainly on the mend, for this very day, after we left Jermyn Street, and while I was getting my chop in the Haymarket, up comes a fellow dressed like a country parson, only with a very bad wig that even a parson wouldn't wear, and sits down opposite. When the waiter's back was turned he took off his left-hand glove, and showed his thumb—black as ink! 'Hem!' says the reverend gentleman. 'Hem!' says I. 'You want an audience of my lord?' says the country parson. 'Well,' says I, using my tooth-pick: 'I—well—I *should* like to have a couple o' words with him; but it ain't pressing, or I could easily prevail on his porter, or one of his lackeys, to show me up.'

"'You're a liar,' replied the reverend gentleman, but not rudely. 'You couldn't do nothing o' the sort, and you knows it. Think you can gammon *me!*'

"''Twould take a sharper chap than me to do *that*, Mr. —— Smith,' says I, civilly (for he's open to flattery, is Bob Caunter). 'But about this said porter. I still think—'

"'The porter's come to *you*, Master Armour,' says he, cutting me short, 'to tell you that if you want my lord, you must look for him to-night, or not at all. Our establishment's broke up. The head cook's giv' warning. The butler's sold the lush and bolted with the money. There's a paragraph gone to the *Newsman*—you'll see it to-morrow: "Fash'nable movement.—Lord Lob, he's giv' up his princely establishment in the Adelphi, and left London with his soote, for a perlonged tour."'

"'Are you telling me the truth?' I says, as a matter of form.

"'Yes, I am,' says he, grinding his teeth savagely. 'He's a tyrant and—and a thief!'

"'No! Nonsense!' says I. 'You can't mean *that*. Thief?'

"'You come to-night,' he says, 'that's all. Nine o'clock, punctual. Here,' and he wrote an address on a card. 'Bring a hundred redbreasts if you like, only keep 'em dark till they're wanted.'

"'All right,' says I. 'What's the porter's fee?'

"'Gratified revenge,' said the fellow, putting his mouth close to my ear, and was off before I could get out another word."

"A fortunate split," said the pleased magistrate. "Success attend you!"

About nine that evening, Mr. Armour, in seedy attire, with two brace of pistols in his pockets, sauntered carelessly along the Strand, while a *very* close observer might have been aware of other five seedy figures, moving in a like direction, and gradually diminishing the intervals between him and each other as all converged toward the entrance of a dark and narrow side-street in the Adelphi.

An individual in rusty black, walking in the same direction, here brushed past the officer, who turned and spoke to his nearest follower.

"Watch the house, number nineteen; come to shot or whistle. If I don't reappear in twenty minutes, force entrance."

The man in black halted at the bottom, before a corner house, one face of which apparently looked upon the river. As Armour closed up to him he muttered, interrogatively,

"You've enough?"

"Nine," replied the other, coolly, throwing in the additional four as a compliment.

"Get them closer. Are you mad? Follow me."

Armour made a signal to the folks in darkness, then boldly entered the robbers' den.

"How many?" he asked, glancing up the dark and narrow stair.

"Alone," was the answer. "In the lumber-garret, at the very top of the house; no retreat but by this stair, or a jump of ninety feet into the Thames."

Armour's pulse beat a thought quicker. He could hardly imagine that the redoubted robber would be captured so easily. He griped a pistol with one hand, and his conductor's arm with the other.

"Look you, my friend, if you play the doubles on me, *you*, at least, shall not live to brag of it."

"Don't be an infernal fool!" was the reply. "Keep quiet. We're within ten steps of his door. I'm going in. Stand close, and, when you hear me stumble over a chair, dash in. I'll help you, if necessary."

Toward the top the staircase became so narrow that one person alone could with difficulty pass. Above was a small landing, and at the back of it a door, through the cracks of which light was streaming.

The officer stood aside, in the darkness, while his guide made a signal at the door, and, without awaiting answer, quietly entered. There was a low murmur of voices, in question and answer, but though they occasionally rose high enough for the alert listener to distinguish words, he was unable to make out a connected sentence. Then there was a pause. Some one paced the room; perhaps the traitor, preparing the way for his signal—then there was a shuffling of feet—then there was silence again. Armour began to fear that his people might break in, and increase the difficulty as much as they would diminish the glory of the capture, by making an alarm. No! A chair was suddenly dashed from end to end of the apartment. The officer rushed in like a bull-dog!

Half dazzled by the blaze of light, it required a second or two to show him that he stood in a small well-furnished apartment, in which was one person only: a young man, habited in a rich loose dressing-gown and embroidered cap, seated at a table, on which were wines and fruit, smoking a Turkish pipe. He had a fair womanish face, and, with a rather languishing, dandified manner, motioned to the astonished officer to take a chair.

"How are you, Henry? Sit down, my boy. I was sorry to keep you kicking your heels on that dull landing. There was a little matter to settle" (his eyes glanced toward a window which the officer now observed to be open). "But put up those toys of yours. You fellows are never happy but when you're fiddling with a pistol-butt. Have some wine. My name's Lord Lob. What can I do for you?"

"You young sprigs of fashion," said the officer, trying to adopt the other's tone, "sometimes leave London without settling all your accounts. Now, I've a little one here."

"A warrant, eh?" said Lord Lob, good-humoredly, refilling his pipe from a satin tobacco-pouch, on which his arms were wrought. "What *is* a warrant? I never saw one close. Pitch it over."

"I can't do that, my lord," said Armour; "but here it is, you see. It's not quite so large as a patent of nobility; but perhaps it's big enough to be a match for yours."

"Ha! ha! Good. Henry makes a joke!" said his lordship, with a languid titter. "But to come to business, since you're not bright enough for a buffoon; what is your commerce with us, old merchant of capiases, and purveyor of any amount of hardware of the jug description?"

"There are several dozen little matters requiring your attention," said Armour; "but the latest is this affair in Jermyn Street. Look you, my lord, my time is precious, and, besides, I'm afraid that if you don't come with me at once, the highly respectable lodgers below will have their slumbers broken by some impatient friends of mine, who must be rather near your door."

"Go with *you*, Hal, eh?" said Lord Lob, as though considering of the proposal. "Humph! By-the-way, I saw you looking round just now, wondering, and very naturally, what has become of the excellent young man who accompanied you here? Step this way."

He rose, and strolled toward the window, followed by the officer.

"Look out!"

Keeping all the time fully on his guard, Armour peeped out. The window, as he had supposed, looked down upon the river, now at ebb, and was not much less than a hundred feet from the ground. The moon had risen, and Armour, to his horror, distinctly saw the form of the traitor thief, lying doubled up as no living man could lie, as he had been flung headlong from the window. The struggle he had overheard was fearfully accounted for.

"The fool forgot the window!" sneered the robber, his fair face distorted like a fiend's. "Let other fools take warning. Look here!"

He made a sudden movement, as though to leap through the window; but, checking himself suddenly, slipped under the officer's uplifted arm, and, making one bound toward the door, disappeared. Quick and unexpected as the action was, the ready officer had drawn a pistol and fired, even as the door was flung in his face. Then he dashed after. There was an alarm below; there were shouts, and the rattles of the watch, as these latter, roused by the attack of the police upon the house, hastened to contribute their quota of noise if not of assistance. The alarmed inhabitants of the place, which wore the appearance of a low lodging-house, ran to and fro in wild confusion. They were collected, and placed in custody for the moment, while the house was searched from top to bottom. All, however, was in vain. There was no trace of the fugitive nobleman. By what outlet he had escaped no one could divine. Gone he was—and there an end!

Burning with rage and disappointment, Armour hastened round to the rear of the house where he had seen the body of the murdered spy. There it still lay. They lifted it up. The clothes were his sure enough, but the body was represented by a brown pillow. Lord Lob had himself enacted the part of one of his own gang.

"Done, and doubly done!" growled Mr. Armour, as he moved disconsolately home.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. I.

Of the many beneficent organizations which the spirit of sympathy with the army has originated undoubtedly the Sanitary Commission possesses by far the greatest capabilities for usefulness, and has accomplished the largest work in the direction of relieving the wants and promoting the comfort of the soldier. Comprehensive and minute in its operations, methodical to a fault, reaching every where, and for the most part extending its aid where no other agency could penetrate, it watches over and cares for the sick, the wounded, and the suffering with the solicitude of parental affection; provides for the comfort and health of the soldier in camp, flies to his relief after every battle, nurses him in the hospital, brings to him in every relation something of the comforts of home, and compels him to feel that his country is not forgetful of his necessities nor indifferent to his services. Co-operating in every thing with the Government, this Commission is yet peculiarly the representative of the popular instinct and purpose. It is emphatically the PEOPLE's minister and almoner in the work of administering relief and consolation. It distributes *their* clothing, medicines, fruits, vegetables; it repeats *their* words of cheer and encouragement; it presents the spectacle of *their* noble sympathy to the soldier's waiting eye. From every corner of the land contributions have poured into and through its treasury to those whose valor has given a new lustre to our flag. The rich have given their thousands; the poor, where money could not be sent, have bestowed such supplies of clothing as they could spare from their scanty wardrobes; the gifted have lent their pens and voices, the unlearned the labor of their hands to the promotion of the common object. From the backwoods the adventurous settlers, in suits of homespun, have driven into market loads of wood, of potatoes, apples, and other fruits, that they might realize something to contribute to this Commission. In the cities noble-hearted women have gathered the dribblets of charity into common channels of benevolence, organizing fairs, concerts, and what not in aid of this cause. In the still darkness of many a night, in lonely farm-houses, and at pleasant hamlet firesides, nimble fingers have worked rejoicingly in the preparation of garments for the lorn and suffering ones in field and garrison; in chill fields, on rustling country slopes, with the same end in view, bronzed and horny hands have "husked" through busy days shocks of yellow corn, heaping the affluent ears in shining mounds, thoughts of the good the proceeds of the labor would do the soldier making warm and glad the hearts beating under the huskers' ragged jackets.

The actual magnitude of the work performed by the people through this Commission can not, of course, be expressed in words. But an approximate estimate has been made, in a late report of the Assistant Secretary, from which it can be stated that the gifts of the women of the country, made through the Commission, exceed in value the sum of $7,000,000. The whole amount, in money, received by the Treasurer of the Commission up to the 1st of October last, was $857,715 33, which has been swelled, including the receipts of the recent great Fairs at Boston, Cincinnati, and Chicago, to certainly more than $1,000,000. These statements, however, by no means present any adequate idea of the results achieved; labors have been performed and services rendered to which no mere money value can be attached. The present expenditures of the Commission, with quiet every where in our armies, amount to $45,000 a month; hundreds of men needing "special relief" are daily cared for at the "homes" it has established; and almost hourly, at some point in the extended theatre of military operations, fresh demands are made upon its resources and met. Not only do its steamboats and wagon teams follow the army every where, but its agents are constantly employed in the equally important works of sanitary and hospital inspection, and the like, the results of which, as revealed in the physical condition of the soldier, no arithmetic could probably estimate.

But while the country will never know, in any adequate degree, what has really been accomplished through this Commission, certain specific results will undoubtedly be discovered to the public which will amply confirm its title to a place in history. Some results of this character are already developed, and a few of these—as illustrating the vast achievements which must ever remain unknown, and as showing the benefits the Commission has conferred—we shall enumerate in this and succeeding papers.

THE WORK AT GETTYSBURG.

The work of the Commission at Gettysburg, in July last, was a type of that which it has performed on every important battle-field since the war commenced. With the first news of the battle a dépôt was established at Westminster, the nearest point of railroad communication. From that place supplies were pushed forward, under fire, to reach the wounded on the left wing of the army, and a large amount of special supplies was also distributed to the corps hospitals, and to scattering groups of wounded on the field, long before any supplies arrived by railroad. Immediately after the battle a Lodge was established on the field, and this became at once the centre of a system of distribution, whose results were most beneficent.

At the railroad dépôt in the town, the Commission had large tents erected for the reception and refreshment of the wounded when brought in from the distant hospitals. They had also large storetents filled to repletion with all manner of supplies. A cook-house was erected and fitted up with caldrons, stoves, and a steam apparatus, all of which were in constant operation day and night, ten cooks and between thirty and forty attendants being employed in preparing and dealing out such nourishment as the circumstances admitted. All possible appliances, indeed, which long experience and considerate forethought could anticipate for so extreme a necessity, such as clothes, crutches, shoes, pads, pillows, splints, lint, bandages, and every kind of stimulant were furnished with unceasing diligence and attention. Some of the Commission agents, moreover, labored in the dressing of wounds which the surgeons on the field had been unable to give proper attention; and scores of lives were in this way, it is believed, saved to the country. Before leaving on the trains every wounded soldier had his canteen filled with water, and was supplied with an extra cup of coffee, soup, or broth, as was preferred; subsequently, when the corps hospitals had been relieved of all who were able to be removed a long distance, the more seriously wounded were gathered up by the agents of the Commission, and carried to Camp Letterman, where they established a permanent station, co-operating for a long time afterward with the corps of army surgeons and nurses in the work of relief.

GRATITUDE OF THOSE RELIEVED.

Of course such care as the Commission bestowed on the wounded and the sick deeply affected the majority of those to whom even a cup of cold water was a blessing. One who was present during the whole time the Commission labored in that field says, that of all the sixteen thousand who were transported during their stay not one went away without a comfortable meal; and all, rebels and Unionists alike, were full of gratitude. The rebels seemed especially grateful—the more so, no doubt, as they had been taught to expect very different treatment. Often the men would say, when their wounds were dressed, "That feels *so* good, I haven't been so cared for since I left home." After the wounds were attended to the men were dressed in clean clothes—socks, slippers, shirts, drawers, and often dressing-gowns, the latter seeming to afford especial delight to the recipients. Lying in clean and comfortable rows—"on dress parade" as they called it—every face, as the nurses passed to and fro, seemed luminous, every hurt and loss was forgotten in the fervent gratitude inspired by the manifestations of interest in their behalf.

Among the contributions sent to the field by a town in New York State was a quantity of cologne. This seemed to reach the hearts of the men quite as quickly as their noses. "Isn't that good, now?" "That kinder gives a fellow life!" and similar exclamations, ran from tent to tent as the bottles were tipped on the clean handkerchiefs, which some other thoughtful aid society had furnished.

The touching incidents which the delegates of the Commission report from this bloody field are, of course, varied and numerous.

A REBEL LIEUTENANT AND HIS BROTHER.

Late one afternoon, too late for the cars, a train of ambulances arrived at the Lodge of the Commission with over 100 wounded rebels to be cared for during the night. Many of them were but slightly injured, but one of the number, a Lieutenant, was so weak and faint that it seemed impossible to do any thing to restore him. In appearance he seemed a mere boy, with a clear, innocent face, bright blue eyes, and hair that any New England girl might have worn with pride. One of the nurses took him in charge; but he wanted nothing; he had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said. Finally, however, he was induced to take a little gruel, which he keenly relished; so much so that for hours afterward he talked of his "good supper," thanking his attendants over and over again for their kindness. But all the while he was growing weaker, and at midnight a change came; and from that time he thought and prattled only of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice, that had the deep longing of a sick soul in it. "Lord, have mercy on me!" he cried now and then; then songs without words—a sort of low intoning—rippled from his pale lips. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina; and the lessons of his childhood were floating back upon him in the dark hours through which he was going down into the deeper shadow. All the day following the nurses watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, often singing his Lutheran chants, till suddenly, at the tent door, close to which he lay, appeared a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He started when he saw the Lieutenant, and, hurriedly kneeling by him, called him by name; but the ears were deaf then to the call of love. Then, rising, he told the attendants that the Lieutenant's brother was wounded and a prisoner not far away; upon which some of the party started after him, returning not long after, carrying him in their arms. But he too was a stranger to Henry—for so the Lieutenant was called; and the comer lay down at his side on the straw, and there remained for the rest of the day, the little group gathered around watching and listening to the strong, clear voice singing, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" The Lord, looking down, *had* mercy. The day faded, and the night came on; but with the sunset the troubled heart grew still, and the stars, opening their soft eyes, saw only a pale face with the death dews on it in the midst of the group. A rude coffin was obtained, and the body placed in it; but all night long the wounded brother lay close against it, as if unwilling to be separated even from the ashes of him whose feet had pattered right beside his own all the way up from childhood to the borders of that river which all must cross some solemn day. But in the morning duty called—the prisoners must march; and, with tears on his face, the bereaved one went away with his comrades, leaving Henry to be buried by those who had so tenderly cared for him while living; first, however, thanking them all for what they had done, and giving them all he had to show his gratitude, namely, a palmetto ornament from the dead brother's cap and a button from his coat. That same morning Henry was laid away to his long sleep, a surgeon of the Commission reading the burial service, and a delegate writing his name on the little head-board of his narrow bed: "Lieutenant Rauch, Fourteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers."

THE CRAZY SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE.

Among the wounded soldiers who one night came into the Commission Lodge was an elderly man, sick, injured, and crazy, singing and talking constantly of home. The attendants did what they could for him, pleasing him especially with a present of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing-gown, in which he dressed himself, and then wrote to his wife, giving the letter to one of the nurses to mail for him. The next morning he was sent away with a detachment of the wounded, and his case was almost forgotten, when, in the early evening, two tired women appeared at the Lodge, who proved to be his wife and sister. They had come hurriedly from their home to meet him, and had arrived just too late. He had been crazy before the war, his wife said, but not for ten years past. He had been yearning to get home after having been wounded, and had written to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost the wildest insanity for two lone, timid women, who had never been away from their own quiet town, to undertake to find a soldier among so many sent in so many different directions; but the persons at the Lodge helped them all they could, giving them all the information in their possession, and so they started on their search. A week passed, and nothing was heard of either husband or wife; then there came a letter full of gratitude, saying that the lost had been found, and would soon be home again with his dear ones around him to console by tender ministrations for all pains and all losses.

THE GERMAN MOTHER AND HER QUILT.

Another night two fathers with their wounded sons and an old German mother with her boy arrived at the Commission Camp, and were furnished its advantages. The old mother had come all the way from Wisconsin, bringing with her a patchwork bed-quilt for her son, thinking he might have lost his blanket; and that night, as he lay in the Lodge, that quilt covered him, and the mother's hand soothed and ministered to him, her kind eyes looking into his, all the deep affection of her soul shining through them. The old woman was intensely patriotic. She had three sons, she said, in the army; one had been killed, and this boy wounded; but she counted her sacrifices as nothing; "she'd be a soldier herself if she could." How the sublime devotion and unselfish patriotism of this noble woman—and of thousands like her all through the land—should shame the miserable cowards who, in nooks and corners, and sometimes openly in the market-place, declaim against this righteous war, and clamor for a peace involving the dishonor and lasting humiliation of the nation.

WHITE AND COLORED SLAVES.

No. 1 Mercer Street, New York.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The group of emancipated slaves whose portraits I send you were brought by Colonel Hanks and Mr. Philip Bacon from New Orleans, where they were set free by General Butler. Mr. Bacon went to New Orleans with our army, and was for eighteen months employed as Assistant-Superintendent of Freedmen, under the care of Colonel Hanks. He established the first school in Louisiana for emancipated slaves, and these children were among his pupils. He will soon return to Louisiana to resume his labor.

Rebecca Huger is eleven years old, and was a slave in her father's house, the special attendant of a girl a little older than herself. To all appearance she is perfectly white. Her complexion, hair, and features show not the slightest trace of negro blood. In the few months during which she has been at school she has learned to read well, and writes as neatly as most children of her age. Her mother and grandmother live in New Orleans, where they support themselves comfortably by their own labor. The grandmother, an intelligent mulatto, told Mr. Bacon that she had "raised" a large family of children, but these are all that are left to her.

Rosina Downs is not quite seven years old. She is a fair child, with blonde complexion and silky hair. Her father is in the rebel army. She has one sister as white as herself, and three brothers who are darker. Her mother, a bright mulatto, lives in New Orleans in a poor hut, and has hard work to support her family.

Charles Taylor is eight years old. His complexion is very fair, his hair light and silky. Three out of five boys in any school in New York are darker than he. Yet this white boy, with his mother, as he declares, has been twice sold as a slave. First by his father and "owner," Alexander Wethers, of Lewis County, Virginia, to a slave-trader named Harrison, who sold them to Mr. Thornhill of New Orleans. This man fled at the approach of our army, and his slaves were liberated by General Butler. The boy is decidedly intelligent, and though he has been at school less than a year he reads and writes very well. His mother is a mulatto; she had one daughter sold into Texas before she herself left Virginia, and one son who, she supposes, is with his father in Virginia.

These three children, to all appearance of unmixed white race, came to Philadelphia last December, and were taken by their protector, Mr. Bacon, to the St. Lawrence Hotel on Chestnut Street. Within a few hours, Mr. Bacon informed me, he was notified by the landlord that they must leave. The children, he said, had been slaves, and must therefore be colored persons, and he kept a hotel for white people. From this hospitable establishment the children were taken to the "Continental," where they were received without hesitation.

Wilson Chinn is about 60 years old, he was "raised" by Isaac Howard of Woodford County, Kentucky. When 21 years old he was taken down the river and sold to Volsey B. Marmillion, a sugar planter about 45 miles above New Orleans. This man was accustomed to brand his negroes, and Wilson has on his forehead the letters "V. B. M." Of the 210 slaves on this plantation 105 left at one time and came into the Union camp. Thirty of them had been branded like cattle with a hot iron, four of them on the forehead, and the others on the breast or arm.

Augusta Broujey is nine years old. Her mother, who is almost white, was owned by her half-brother, named Solamon, who still retains two of her children.

Mary Johnson was cook in her master's family in New Orleans. On her left arm are scars of three cuts given to her by her mistress with a rawhide. On her back are scars of more than fifty cuts given by her master. The occasion was that one morning she was half an hour behind time in bringing up his five o'clock cup of coffee. As the Union army approached she ran away from her master, and has since been employed by Colonel Hanks as cook.

Isaac White is a black boy of eight years; but none the less intelligent than his whiter companions. He has been in school about seven months, and I venture to say that not one boy in fifty would have made as much improvement in that space of time.

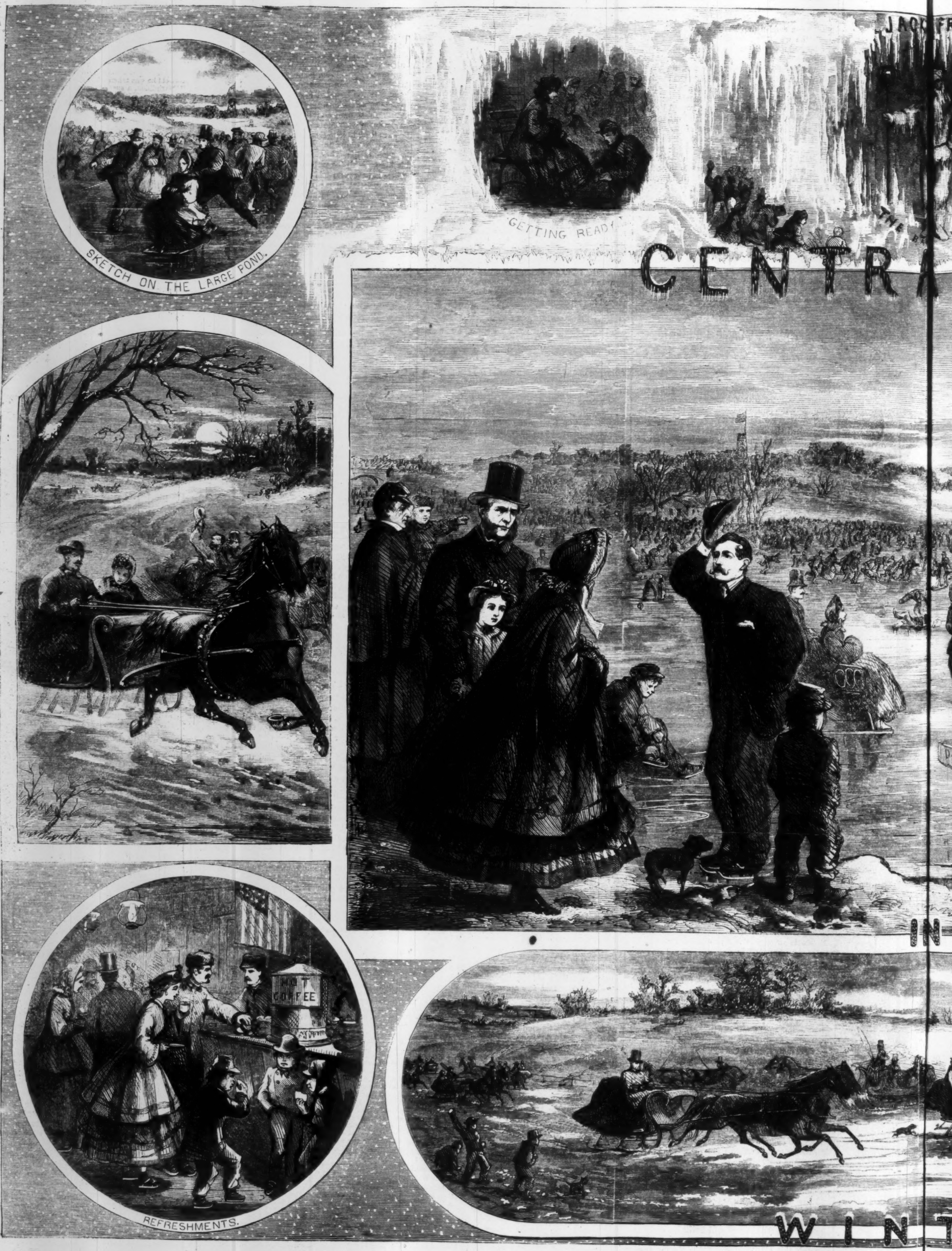
Robert Whitehead—the Reverend Mr. Whitehead perhaps we ought to style him, since he is a regularly-ordained preacher—was born in Baltimore. He was taken to Norfolk, Virginia, by a Dr. A. F. N. Cook, and sold for $1525; from Norfolk he was taken to New Orleans, where he was bought for $1775 by a Dr. Leslie, who hired him out as house and ship painter. When he had earned and paid over that sum to his master, he suggested that a small present for himself would be quite appropriate. Dr. Leslie thought the request reasonable, and made him a donation of a whole quarter of a dollar. The reverend gentleman can read and write well, and is a very stirring speaker. Just now he belongs to the church militant, having enlisted in the United States army.

A large photograph of the whole group which you reproduce has been taken, and *cartes de visite* of the separate figures. They are for sale at the rooms of the National Freedman's Relief Association, No. 1 Mercer Street, New York, or I will send them by mail on receipt of the price: $1 for the large picture, 25 cents each for the small ones. The profits to go to the support of the schools in Louisiana. C. C. Leigh.

BURNING OF THE COMPANIA AT SANTIAGO, CHILI.

On the 8th of December last, at Santiago, the capital of Chili, there occurred a tragedy which, in its kind, finds scarcely a parallel in history.

We give on page 65 engravings of The Church of the Compania and its Ruins, from photographs kindly sent to us by Charles S. Rand, Esq., Secretary of Legation. Ever since 1857, when the mystery of the Immaculate Conception was born at Rome, this church has celebrated by the most magnificent of festivals the "Month of Mary," beginning with the 8th of November and ending with the 8th of December, under the auspices of the priest Ugarte, who stands at the head of the Sisterhood (or Daughters of the Virgin), in which were enrolled nearly all the ladies of the fashionable capital. For thirty days had this festival been going on, prodigal of splendor, until it was now about to culminate in an illumination which Ugarte had promised the Roman Nuncio should outrival those of Rome herself. The lighting up had taken from mid-afternoon, for there were over twenty thousand lights, mostly camphene; and in the mean time the church had been filling to its utmost capacity, until, at quarter past seven, it contained more than three thousand women and a few hundred men, all in a kneeling posture, the church, unlike those to which we are accustomed, being without pews. Over the altar was an image representing Murillo's Madonna of the Immaculate Conception, her feet resting upon a crescent, which, being illuminated, became a crescent of fire. But no sooner so than, from one extremity, by the overflowing of the gas, a stream of flame issued forth, catching into a blaze the flimsy transparency above, and stretching upward toward the tinsel and gauze with which the roof was decorated, followed the prevailing current of air till a sheet of flame surmounted the kneeling multitude below. Those in the centre were the first to appreciate the peril, and rushed toward the entrance, over those who, still kneeling near the door, were anxious to retain their places, and thus an obstacle was placed in the way of those attempting to escape, who in their haste became hopelessly entangled in each other's dresses, while those still in the rear, hurried by the hurrying flames, pushed on and became themselves entangled above the double embankment of bodies underneath. There were but two avenues of escape, and before these lay the impassable heaps which we have just described, barring all egress. More than two thousand women, most of them girls between fifteen and twenty years of age, were thus imprisoned beyond all hope of escape, when the lamps above, burnt loose from their fastenings, fell among the agonized throng of maidens, sowing new seeds of fire in their very garments. Now the interior became one mass of flame, and the living embankment closing the doors writhed as with one combined muscular effort, until it was so compactly wedged together that the few persons who could be drawn out were saved with great difficulty, and often with the loss of an arm or of life itself. And while this terrible tragedy was being enacted in the church, Ugarte and his fellows were in the vestry—the door being locked to prevent escape in that direction—looking out for the safety of a few gewgaws of their own. It was not long before the entire roof fell through with a crash, and the huge belfry stood wrapped in flames, illuminating the ghastly scene beneath—a scene which we will not attempt to describe, for who can paint the agonies of the dying within, or the charred ruin which Death leaves behind him? or who can portray the feelings of fathers and mothers and brothers, who stood without, looking upon the loved forms which, just at the door, defied all attempts at rescue?


SKETCH ON THE LARGE POND.
GETTING READY
JACK FR
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HOT COFFEE
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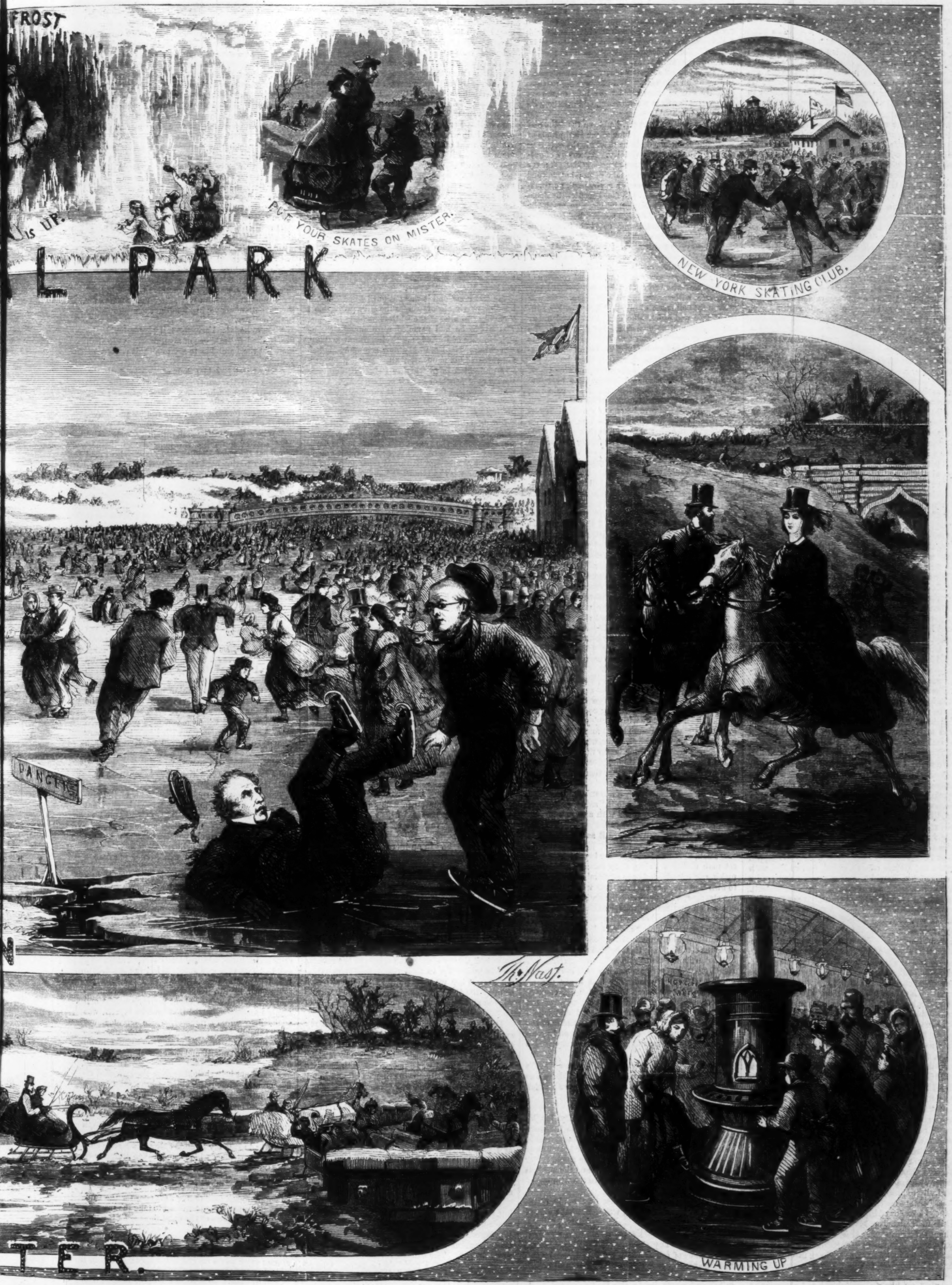

FROST
is UP.
PUT YOUR SKATES ON MISTER.
L PARK
NEW YORK SKATING CLUB.
DANGER
Th. Nast.
WARMING UP
TER.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

AFTER a whole winter spent in studying art at Rome, I had come down, sitting bodkin between two Germans in a cheap vetturino carriage, to study nature at Naples. I was so sick of huge picture-galleries, hired models, and the gossip of the studios, that I thought it would be a relief to paint landscape for a change: so I said to others, and so I said to myself; but my own heart contradicted me. I knew very well, in my innermost soul, that it was in bitterness of spirit that I left Rome, unable to bear the sight of other men's prosperity. It stung me to see men whom I knew to be inferior to myself in taste, in knowledge of color, in originality, in every thing but a plodding, stolid industry, pass me in the race of life. This is a cold, hard, workaday century of ours, an age without sympathy for the flaws and failings of genius, and measuring all capacities by the same pitiful little foot-rule of the results attained to.

And so I went to Naples; and, when the heats of the sultry Italian summer came on, led a roving life among the coast-towns and petty watering-places within reach of the great city—now at Portici, now at Sorrento, and then dawdling away weeks at Salerno or Castelamare. A lazy, good-for-nothing life it was: a life of castle-building, of regrets that I tried to banish, and of hopes that I knew could never blossom into realities. I was still young, not four-and-twenty, but I thought I had a right to consider myself a disappointed man. Doubly disappointed. First, because I had not met with encouragement from connoisseurs and the public. Secondly, because Lucy Graham—dear little Lucy, whom I loved and had loved for years, and who would have shared my poverty unmurmuringly—was not to be my wife. Her relations were wise, forsooth. "They could not hear," they said, "of the dear girl's throwing herself away upon an idle, purposeless man, who would drag her down with him into the mire of merited poverty." How false and selfish such reasoning was! They might have known—Lucy's aunt and Lucy's brother, to whose will her gentle nature deferred—that with such an inducement, such a talisman, as her love and her welfare depending on my toil, I should have done fifty times as much as I had ever achieved without such a spur to exertion.

A penniless artist can not live, even in that country, always cheap to those whose wants are few, without work. I therefore worked, but in an unambitious fashion that did not task my patience overmuch. Colored sketches of mountain scenery and bits of blue Mediterranean, with bronzed fishermen, peasants in goat-skins and brown serge, square-capped women with pitchers, nets, olives, vineyards, rocks, and red caps, I drew from time to time, and these sold freely. My chief patrons were the foreign visitors to Sorrento and Castelamare, who were glad to carry home with them some memento of the rich scenery of the Neapolitan coast. I worked when I was hungry, earned enough to pay for beef and macaroni, and lived altogether in an improvident, hand-to-mouth fashion, like an educated lazarone. All this time I was very far from happy. There was not a much heavier heart in the kingdom of Naples than that of Hugh Edwards—British subject and artist, as his passport described him—when he sauntered out of the little inn at Portici one autumn evening.

The sun was going down; one could see the scarlet light flaring and blazing through the green boughs of the rustling chestnut-trees, but there was plenty of light as yet, and the prospect was a pleasant one even to jaundiced eyes like mine. Portici and its painted houses were soon left behind, and I struck off by one of the many paths that lead into the hills.

Presently I stopped, and looked around me from a small eminence that commanded a view of the surrounding country. There was one object that especially caught my eye, the new railroad, then in process of construction, and which was being carried out, like most of the iron ways of Europe by English skill and English capital. As I looked I saw a cutting far beneath me, in which a gang of laborers were still at work. The low rays of the sun flashed on their variously-clad forms, their heads topped by the red Naples cap, or bound, turban-like, with a colored handkerchief, and the picks and spades that were tearing a way through the volcanic soil. I stood afar off and watched them, but not from any sympathy with their toil or its ultimate objects. On the contrary, as I looked I felt my lip curl and my brow darken; for the spectacle suggested unpleasant thoughts. The contractor who had undertaken that section of the new line was no other than Lucy's odious elder brother, that very George Graham who had had the chief share in breaking off the half engagement between his orphaned sister and myself. A clever, plausible man, who had succeeded, and who, like all the successful in this world, treated failure as a crime.

I had never met this prosperous relative of Lucy's, nor did I desire to meet him. His opinion of myself had been formed from the report of mutual acquaintances, from the conversation of Lucy and her aunt, and from a brief correspondence that had begun and ended in anger. To meet George Graham was more than I had bargained for, and I quickly made up my mind to quit Portici.

A strange whim had urged me to visit this little town, and that whim had been disappointed. While last at Salerno an American traveler had given me an animated description of some adventures among the banditti, and had told me a number of anecdotes of the most celebrated brigand chiefs of the day—Saltocco, Capo Rosso, Malinghetti, and another freebooter whose nickname of L'Agnello, or "the Lamb," ironically expressed his peculiarly ferocious disposition. My informant was a doctor, and to this circumstance he had owed his immunity from any ill usage while in the hands of his dangerous hosts, many of whom were at the time suffering from marsh fever, and among them their leader Saltocco. The American had been lucky enough, having a medicine-chest among his luggage, to cure the greater part of these invalids; and, in return for his medical services, they had set him free, uninjured and unransomed, retaining, however, his gold watch and chain, which the chief promised to wear as a keepsake. The account Dr. Hucks gave of the wild bivouacs, high up in the thin clear air of the mountain solitudes, of the Salvator Rosa groups around the fires, the dances, the village merry-makings, in which the brigands took a part as welcome guests, had piqued my curiosity. My desire was to obtain, if I could, a safe-conduct to inspect the camp of these marauders. For the idea of painting a great picture, and growing famous at a single effort, haunted my fancy yet, as a similar idea does that of many and many an idle man. Who knew whether some quaintly savage scene amidst the hills might not suggest matter for a work that should even yet retrieve my blighted fortunes?

Most complete, however, had been the failure of these romantic notions. I found the good people of Portici by no means desirous to admit the existence of any brigands in their vicinity. All stories of outrage and plunder were gross exaggerations. A petty theft might now and then take place; but, beyond the pillage of a hen-roost or a vineyard, no transgression was authentic. In fact I suspect the Bourbon Government at Naples, anxious to avert the troublesome advice of foreign powers, had issued orders that the banditti, if they could not be exterminated, should be ignored.

"I beg your pardon, but I conclude that your name is Edwards, and that you are staying at the Albergo d'Inghilterra—is it not so?" said a voice in English at my elbow. I turned and confronted the speaker, who had approached me, lost as I was in reverie, without my hearing his step. He was a strongly-built man of middle height, with a sunburnt face and quick blue eyes, that roved hither and thither, and seemed in an instant to take the measure of any object or person. His hair was getting gray, but probably more from toil and exposure to weather than from age, since he did not appear my senior by more than eight or nine years. His attire, of dark-colored Tweed, was neat and plain, and by the compasses and ivory rule that projected from the breast-pocket of his shooting-coat I easily guessed him to be one of the English surveyors employed in laying out the line. His voice was loud, and rather abrupt, like that of one used to command; but there was something pleasant in the ring of it.

I admitted my identity, wondering what the new-comer could want with me. He had not the air of a mere lounger, seeking to kill time, and hailing a fellow-countryman for the sake of a chat in his native tongue. Besides, he had taken the trouble, somehow, to ascertain my name.

"Then this letter is yours. I thought it must be. You dropped it on the bridge, and a goatherd gave it to me; so, as I had noticed you pass by the embankment, I followed you to restore it, and I am glad to return it to the right owner."

The letter was from Lucy, received that morning. I was vexed at my own carelessness, for I might have dropped it in some more public place, and I knew that all travelers are not overscrupulous as to perusing the waifs and strays of correspondence that may fall into their hands. I therefore thanked the surveyor more heartily than was my custom.

"No trouble at all, not worth mentioning," said my compatriot, wiping his forehead as he glanced around him; "it has given me a pleasant walk and a pretty prospect. How fine that sunset is!"

And he gazed at the deep glow of orange and crimson burning in fast-fading splendor on the edge of the western sky with an enjoyment that was evidently genuine. Before long I found myself deep in conversation with the stranger, whose blunt honesty of manner pleased me better than the bearing of a more courtly person might have done. On my side I did not profess to be other than I was, a poor and lonely artist.

"Not a bad trade either, if a man's true vocation be the brush, and he sticks to it," said the stranger, tapping the crumbling rocks with a switch he carried, as if to test their solidity.

"We don't generally regard it as a trade," said I, with something of a sneer.

"Pooh, nonsense! every thing by which an honest man makes a living, from soldiering to shoemaking, is a trade, and only coxcombs are ashamed to own that they are paid for their work," broke in the stranger, very unceremoniously; "don't let us quarrel on matters of professional etiquette. *My* trade, now, is a rougher one than yours, yet Michael Angelo knew something about it."

I laughed, and remarked that to build a cathedral was a nobler task than to plan a railroad.

"I don't know that," said my new acquaintance, sturdily. "I never go about my task in tunnel or cutting without remembering that every one of these iron links between town and town, country and country, is a step toward bridging over the great gulf that lies between mankind and happiness and liberty. To my mind, every tinkle of the hammers of our plate-layers is a pledge and promise of a 'good time coming,' as the song says. No civilizer like a railway."

I somewhat sneeringly asked if my new friend's employer, Mr. George Graham, shared these fine sentiments with regard to the iron-ways with which he was so busy.

The stranger's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, Graham," he said, with a dry laugh; "Graham is obliged to have an eye to the main chance. He can't afford to indulge his fancy much, but must look to the balance-sheets and steer clear of the Gazette. I sometimes think he would prefer a safe salary to the profits he nets, and the anxious days and sleepless nights that go to the winning of them."

Presently I asked him what he thought of his employer, Graham, but he was somewhat reserved in his replies.

"A strict hand. Keeps us all to our collars. Won't tolerate any shirking of work, on his own part or that of others. He pays well, but he *will* have the pennyworth for the penny," was all I could gather, and I own I was disappointed. I wanted to have a right to despise this hard money-grubber, who stood between his gentle sister and myself, and it would have been music to my ears to hear him called tyrant and miser. Independently of this I took a great fancy to the rugged stranger, and not the less, perhaps, because he bluntly disagreed with my own theories of social life, which I freely propounded to him.

"I have heard most of your arguments before, Mr. Edwards," said he; "but I hope you won't think me rude when I say that when a young fellow is on bad terms with the world, it isn't so much the world's fault as that of the other party. I know practice is better than precept, and I've no right to preach; but one thing I'll say, I've taken a liking to you—brief as our acquaintance has been, and in spite of your wild talk—and if I can ever be of service I will. Perhaps you may not think a poor engineer's help worth having, but should you ever be really in want of a friend, while I'm in Italy, send me a line. I'll do my best for you, and not even ask for thanks."

I smiled, for I was in the humor to treat the offer as a jest.

"You forget," said I, "that we are not on equal terms. You know my name, while yours is unknown to me."

"I'll give you an address by which your letter is sure to reach me," said the engineer, penciling some words on a leaf which he tore from his pocket-book, and handing the leaf to me: "and now, good-by, for I must hurry back to Portici, and pay wages and docket vouchers for a couple of hours at the least."

He was gone, and it was not until I had watched his disappearing figure across the olive grove that I thought of looking at the address he had given me. The words he had penciled were merely these: "S. D., care of Burbidge & Styles, English Bank, Via Stretta, Naples." My new acquaintance had not revealed his name after all. For a moment I was undecided as to whether I should fling away the scrap of paper, or keep it as a curiosity. I took a middle course, for I thrust it carelessly into my pocket, and sauntered away up the hill. It was getting very dark, but the moon was half full, and threw light enough on the less thickly wooded parts of the landscape to save me from stumbling. There was no trace of the sunset glories left in the darkling sky to westward. It was black night among the cactus shrubs and rustling bushes that fringed the rocks on my right and left hand. Only a pale yellow streak of light fell between the boughs of the stone-pines, and showed the water-worn pebbles and red sand at my feet.

"Faccia a terra!" called out a deep voice from the thickets overhead; and then followed the sharp click of a gun-lock. I stopped, and looked quickly in the direction of the invisible speaker. Again came the same harsh summons, spoken in the vilest Calabrian patois, but quite intelligible. "Face—to—the—ground, English fool! Beppo, Niccolo, let him see the carbines."

Instantly the branches crashed, and through the evergreen foliage were thrust the gleaming barrels of several guns, while the order to lie down and press my face to the earth was gruffly renewed. I had been half incredulous at first, half inclined to suspect a trick or a delusion of the senses, but now I doubted no longer. I was in presence of the brigands, and, as I realized the truth, a quick tingling sensation ran like fire through my blood, and I scarcely knew whether the thrill were one of pain or pleasure. Then came a heavy body crushing and tearing through the boughs and matted creepers, in headlong descent of the bank. I attempted to fly, but, overtaken, turned desperately round on the pursuer, wrenching the carbine out of his hand, and hurling him, with a force that surprised myself, upon a heap of stones and twisted olive roots. But two stout fellows were close on the heels of the first, and they threw themselves upon me, grappling me with a tenacious hug that could not be shaken off, while a fourth came up in a more leisurely way, and, pressing the muzzle of his piece to my forehead, ordered me to leave off struggling, on pain of instant death.

I submitted, and in an incredibly short space of time my arms were tied behind me with a cord, my watch, purse, pocket-book, sketch-book, and pencil-case were transferred to the care of my captors, and I was in full march toward the mountains.

So long as our course lay through a cultivated district my lawless guides either kept silence altogether, or only spoke in growling tones, and as curtly as possible. But when the olive terraces, and walnut groves had disappeared, and the walled vineyards and fenced fields had given place to bare rocks and thorny shrubs, the spirits of the robbers rose in proportion to their remoteness from civilization. When we were quite in the uncultivated country the two younger of the brigands began to whistle and sing scraps of operatic airs that from La Scala had found their way into the hills.

It was quite in vain that I protested against my captivity, assuring the elder and graver of the four that I was a most unprofitable prize, if, indeed, I had not, as seemed probable, been taken by mistake for another; that I was a poor artist, with hardly a scudo beyond the silver coins they had found in my pocket, and that no one was able or willing to pay ransom for a lonely stranger like myself. The only answer I got to these appeals was a push from the butt-end of a carbine, coupled with a rough command to hasten my steps. Presently I had not much breath to spare for such useless remonstrance, as I found myself, perforce, scrambling up steep and stony gullies that were probably the mere beds of dried-up torrents, dragging myself painfully over rocks in whose fissures grew the mountain thistle and the stunted cactus.

Breathless, spent, and with bruised and bleeding feet, my light boots proving a poor protection against the sharp stones over which I had for hours been forced to stumble as best I might, I sank down on a fragment of rock, and declared my inability to go further. The bandits threatened me, struck me; but in vain. I could do no more. One of them at last drew a gourd from his pocket, uncorked it, and held it to my lips.

"Drink!" he said, impatiently; "there is but a mile to travel. Drink! San Gennaro blight you—do you fancy the good liquor poison?" The coarse and fiery brandy revived me; but it was not without a great deal of hustling, supporting, and pushing on the part of my conductors that I contrived to stagger on, until we entered a narrow glen between steep peaks, and suddenly turning a corner came upon a small plain, in which a strange scene awaited me. A number of ruddy watch-fires, perhaps twenty, were burning with red and smoky light, and around these reclined, sat, or moved in a variety of more or less active employments, groups of dark forms, most, but not all, of whom wore the pointed Calabrian hat so familiar to play-goers. Here and there the glare was reflected from the barrels of guns which the owners were cleaning or examining by the fire-light; and before several of the fires cooking operations were going on, and whole kids, hares, or great pieces of half-raw meat were being slowly turned as they dangled on a string in front of the blaze. From one group, larger than the rest, came the notes of a guitar, and of a deep voice singing some bravura song, such as the Italians of the lower class pick up like parrots from their occasional visits to a theatre. And as the song came to a close I distinctly heard the shrill voices and laughter of women mingling with the mirth and applause of the men. This, however, surprised me little, for I had heard that the brigands kept on friendly terms with the villagers, whose relations they frequently were, and that the wives, sisters, and mothers of members of the band were constantly visiting their haunts for the purpose of conveying intelligence or provisions to the outlaws.

"There he is! Ecco, the tall signor beside the fire, to the left," said one of my guides. "We shall see what the Lamb has to say to all this poverty of yours."

"The Lamb?" said I, half unconsciously, striving to recall the American's account of the celebrated freebooter who bore that incongruous name.

"Si! L'Agnello himself," said the brigand, thrusting me forward into the fire-light, and doffing his hat to his leader.

"Who's that? The Salernitan. Good. And what sort of a foreign sheep have you there?" called out the chief, shading his eyes with his broad hand, and staring hard at me. "The Englishman, the Englishman, for a gold ounce! Welcome, milordo!"

And with a grotesque mockery of courteous deference the brigand leader rose to his feet and took off his hat, bowing low, while those around burst into a roar of laughter. I looked anxiously at L'Agnello, on whose good pleasure my fate probably depended. He was evidently a great dandy, his equipment being more picturesque than that of his followers, for he wore a suit of green velvet, with silver buttons and embroidery, much tarnished, but still handsome, a yellow silk sash, two gold watches, whose chains were festooned across his waistcoat, and a lady's gold chain about his neck. His stiletto and pistols were stuck in a crimson belt, and under his hat was a kerchief of a brilliant red color, which waved and flapped like the kefia of a Bedouin Arab, setting off the swarthy complexion and grim features of the wearer. When the brigand chief had replaced the hat which he had doffed in salutation, I ventured to renew my protest, declaring that I was no "milordo," but an artist, and a very poor one: in a word, not worth trapping. The Lamb grinning incredulously.

"Basta! For what do you take me, Englishman, that you deafen me with lies. So you are poor, then? You, who arrived at Portici with a carriage grand enough for the Holy Father to ride in, with trunks and imperials, courier and valet, and a fourgon to carry the heavy luggage—a veritable train de prince!"

This last speech, spoken with an air of the profoundest conviction, and in bad French, eked out here and there by a word of Italian (the Lamb was, as I afterward heard, not a little proud of his abilities as a linguist), sorely puzzled me. I could not doubt that the brigand believed what he said to be true. His jocular aspect was giving place to a gloomy frown.

"Enough of this play!" he said at length, in a more menacing voice. "You see I know you. You are the Inglese, who gave old Geronimo Valleri, at the inn beside the Ponte Nerone, a hundred and twenty golden Napoleons for two old pictures the rogue had to sell?"

It now flashed upon me for the first time that I had been mistaken for a rich young Englishman of rank and fortune, who had lately arrived at Portici, and had that very day abruptly left the inn where I had been staying. He was, as I remembered, said to be a liberal, if not a very judicious connoisseur of art, and was of about my own height and age. I even recollected that he, like myself, was addicted to solitary rambles, which circumstance had probably been reported to the brigands, who have their spies in most places, and hence in all likelihood the ambush and the capture of the wrong man.

I could not help shrinking from the awkward office of undeceiving the chief, whose grim visage grew more and more like that of a hungry tiger as he watched me. "I could guess," I said, "for whom I had been mistaken; but, so far from having arrived at Portici with four post-horses, a fourgon, a valet, and a courier, I could assure my present host that I had made my humble entry in a hired calessino, with straw cushions and calico lining, and drawn by a couple of starved ponies. So far, too, from having lately given an inn-keeper a hundred and twenty Napoleons for two old pictures, I should be happy to sell four or five new ones for the same price, and was perfectly willing to take the portraits of all the members of the band, gratis, as the only ransom in my power."

By this time a great many of the brigands, attracted by curiosity, had crowded round me, and among them was a ragged lad, who cried out in a squeaking voice,

"Why, that's no more the milordo in the green carriage than I am. Body of Bacchus! it's the English artist that came on Piero and me as we were eating our bread and melons by the well, and gave us a baioccho apiece to stop quiet while he sketched us. The milordo is fatter, and has red whiskers."

Indeed, an inspection of my passport and sketch-book convinced the brigand leader that I was not the wealthy traveler whom he had endeavored to ensnare. This discovery threw the Lamb into a paroxysm of dangerous fury. He began by cursing my captors for "blind bats," who did not know the difference between a beggarly spoiler of canvas and a "ricco" of the first quality. They excused themselves for their blunder by proverbial remarks, to the effect that night made every bird of one color, and that in the dark all cats were black. And the hum of assent which rose from the crowd proved that the brigands exonerated their comrades of all blame. Then the Lamb turned his flaming eyes on me, and, with a volley of choice Neapolitan abuse, declared that I should pay for both.

I reiterated the assurance that I was poor, and had no relative to whom I could apply for the price of my freedom.

"Per Ercole! but we will see to that," thundered the ruffian; "if you can not pay in silver you shall in skin. Strip off his shoes and warm his feet, my children; when they are roasted, this pert bird will sing a different song."

Instantly I was seized by several strong hands, I was thrown down, and very tightly bound with cords and thongs drawn savagely around my wrists and ankles, for it had often happened that a tortured prisoner had done mischief among the tormentors. Then my boots and stockings were torn away piecemeal, and I was thrust forward until the bare soles of my feet were close to the glowing red embers of the great fire. I was chilled with the bleak mountain air and with fatigue, and for the first few moments the heat was not disagreeable, but presently it became inconvenient. I bore it silently. The discomfort deepened into pain, the pain into agony, and I groaned and tried to crawl away. A robber took me by the shoulders and thrust me back again as if I had been a log; my scorched feet came in contact with the hot embers, and I could not suppress a scream, which was mocked by a roar of laughter from the unfeeling savages.

"The roast meat will be burned," said one wag, and the joke elicited fresh mirth. A woman or two certainly did say "poverino," as I writhed and moaned, but no one offered to release me, and I began to fear that I should be maimed for life. The fierceness of the pain drove even that thought from my mind, conquered all sense of pride, resentment, and prudence, and I shrieked wildly and incessantly, sometimes beseeching the hard-hearted barbarians to have pity; sometimes taunting and cursing them in the frantic hope that I might provoke some more irascible brute than the rest into ending my sufferings by a shot or a stab. Then nature was utterly spent, and I fainted.

When I recovered my senses I was lying in a wretched hut on a heap of straw. On a broken wine-cask at some distance sat a gray-haired old crone busy with one of those classic spindles which the Italian peasant women have used from the days of Etruscan civilization. For a time my senses were so dulled that I could remember nothing; and though I saw that it was morning, and felt the air chilly, I did not try to realize how I came into my present position. At last a sharp shooting pain in my feet recalled my recollection of by-gone suffering, and I groaned and tried to rise, but failed. The old woman turned her head and bade me lie still, as if I had been a froward child, then came forward to unwind some yards of coarse linen in which my injured feet were wrapped, and proceeded to dress the scorched skin afresh with some wonderfully soothing unguent.

This old woman had, I suspect, saved my life. She alone had had compassion upon me as I lay insensible. The motive of this was very curious. Neapolitans of her class have little or no idea of philanthropy in theory or in practice, and it seldom enters into any one's head to pity the distress of those who are not akin to them in blood, or bound by friendship. But old Caterina had, it appears, been the mother of two sons, members of the gang, who had been hanged at Naples several years since, and, to the youngest and best beloved of these, I, in his mother's opinion, bore a strong resemblance. This lucky likeness had induced the old woman to undertake the cure of the lonely stranger. Thus she had coaxed some of the men to carry me to her hut—a goatherd's deserted hovel—had laid me on a heap of straw beneath a tattered blanket, and had rubbed my blistered feet with an ointment which she declared to be infallible, and which would enable me to "dance the Tarantella" in a month at latest.

But I was not yet safe. The Lamb, though convinced that I was not the traveler in whose stead I had been captured, was determined that I should not get off scot-free.

"He has fixed your ransom at eighteen thousand ducats. The milordo would have had to pay fifty thousand," said my protectress; "and he will have the money. He gets money from all, even from begging friars and vine-dressers. Only last week he cut off the ears of a rich jeweler, first one, then the other, and sent them to his children in Salerno. The ransom was paid, but had it not been, L'Agnello would have chopped off every finger of the prisoner's hands joint by joint. That's how he serves the rich. As for those who are not rich he first toasts their feet and then stabs them with his stiletto—he does not waste much trouble on them; so, child, you had better think of some relation who would pay down the money to see you alive again."

Later in the day I received a visit from the brigand chief, who spoke substantially as follows: Every body knew that all Inglesi were wealthy folks, and, if I were not able to pay, probably I had kith and kin who would buy my safety. Failing that resource, were there not consuls and embassadors of Inghilterra who might, could, would, and should forward the necessary cash to save the life of a British subject? To facilitate matters he, L'Agnello, would give me two weeks' grace, and would lower the terms to fourteen thousand ducats; but sooner than take a maravedi less, he would cause my head to be cut off and forwarded as a present to the Syndic of Portici, as he had done, four years since, in the case of Tommaso Potti, the vintner.

Thus spoke the Lamb, not angrily, but with a kind of good-humored ferocity, and in the course of the afternoon a number of the robbers sauntered into the hut, and one and all advised me in all seriousness to comply with their leader's recommendation. Some of them—of the younger men especially—did not appear to be wholly without compassion for my wretched state, since my injured feet were very painful, and I could not stand as yet, and they patted me on the back with rough kindness and bade me fear nothing as I should be well used among them. But one and all agreed that unless I obtained the sum demanded it would go very hard with me.

"The Lamb," said one tall youngster, who had been a boatman at Palermo, and was very proud of the five or six English words that he had picked up when plying among the foreign shipping—"the Lamb was out of temper yesterday, for three of his traps have caught no mice. There was the Cardinal, for whom nine of us watched for a week on the Sorrento road, a prince of the Church, whose ransom would have made us all as rich as Jews, to say nothing of the absolution he could have given us while we had him fast. Well, he slipped through our fingers, and so did the Notary of Salerno, old Signor Tazzi, who is wealthy enough to eat off gold and drink lacrima every day if he were not a skinflint, and so did the milordo of the green carriage. The Lamb is not often so hasty as you found him, but he is a man of his word, and, per Demonio, you had better recall yourself to the memory of such of your friends as have the plumpest purses and the softest hearts."

Excellent counsel, no doubt, but, like much other advice of the same sort, easier given than followed. There was no one to whom I could turn for help in this sore strait. The sum demanded was a large one, above two thousand pounds of English money, and I could as soon have liquidated the National Debt as have raised the tithe of it from any resources of my own. Rich friends were no more plentiful with me than they generally are with a man who is at once poor and self-willed, and I had no living relation who either could or would pay my ransom. The only hope, and that a desperate one, seemed to be that of an application to the British Embassy at Naples, and I knew too much of routine to expect much from this. Time was life to me, and most likely, long before a dry official reply should be returned to my letter, I should be past all power of diplomatic succor. Moreover, it was not improbable that my appeal would be treated as a hoax or an impertinence; there was "no precedent" for such a solecism as a correspondence between a prisoner of L'Agnello and the Envoy of Her Britannic Majesty to the Court of the Two Sicilies.

In this emergency I bethought me of the stranger, the English engineer with whom I had been conversing immediately before my capture by the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well take him at his word. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that the bandit leader required as the price of my liberty, but I thought that if my new acquaintance were to press my case on the notice of the officials at the embassy I should have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given me by the mysterious S. D., and a young brigand undertook to carry this missive to the nearest lowland village, whence it would be conveyed to Naples through the customary channel of the post.

Day after day went by, and my feet were so far healed, thanks to the ointment and chewed leaves which old Caterina daily applied to them, that I could hobble about the camp, which I was allowed to do pretty freely, for I was by far too lame to escape over the rugged and stony country that lay between me and safety. I was not ill treated; a share of the polenta and meat was always assigned me, even when, as sometimes occurred, there was a scarcity of food in the bivouac, and I was always offered wine and cigars when I drew near one of the fires around which the wild groups sat after sunset. I had been appointed portrait-painter in ordinary to the band, and ruffian after ruffian jostled and squabbled with his compeers for the prior right to have his villainous features transferred to the blank leaves of my sketch-book. A strange set they were—so ignorant, so shrewd, so lively in their hours of good humor, that they were less like criminals than some savage tribe at war with society. There were two or three improvisatori among them, and several who could sing to their own accompaniment on the guitar, and the mirth and merry-making were loud and unrestrained around the watch-fires at night.

The robbers were by no means isolated from the sympathies of the rest of the community. They were on very good terms with most of the villagers in the mountain glens around them, at whose feasts and fairs they showed themselves openly, and from whom they received information and provisions. Indeed, many of them belonged to the district, and were akin to the rural magistrates and the very police who should have hunted them down; and this, perhaps, explains the fact that the carabinieri never seemed able to discover the fastnesses where the marauders lurked, well known as they were to hundreds of so-called honest people.

The brigands were not idle. Frequent expeditions were undertaken with varying success, but no prisoner was brought up into the hills during my stay, though more than one carriage was stopped and its occupants plundered. On one occasion only was there any collision with the gens d'armes, and on that the detachment came back sullen and discomfited, with the loss of two of their number, who had been wounded and taken. This misfortune did not tend to make the Lamb more amiable. He gruffly intimated to his followers that they must prepare to set out for another lurking-place, since their unlucky comrades, in spite of the tremendous oaths by which the banditti are bound to keep the secret of their companions' retreat, would probably be tempted by promises of pardon to reveal all they knew. And it was just possible that the authorities would take active measures to destroy the wasps when once certain where their nest was to be found. Under these circumstances the Lamb notified to me that he must curtail my lease of life by two days, and that if in twenty-four hours my ransom did not arrive he should simplify matters by cutting my throat. Nor could there be much doubt that he would keep his word.

Life is dear to us all, and it was with a heavy heart that I prepared to die. But I had no hope. I even despised myself for the weakness which had made me attach the slightest faith to the professions of S. D. Why, after all, should I expect a casual acquaintance like the engineer to trouble himself regarding me? "Nothing for nothing," thought I, "is the rule of the world. It matters little. Even poor little Lucy will soon forget me, and—"

"Ho! Englishman, your skin is safe this time," said L'Agnello, breaking in on my gloomy meditations, and jingling a heavy bag of gold, as he grinned encouragingly at me. "Your ransom is paid, and the priest who brought it up the mountain will show you the path, and let you ride his mule. I bear you no malice, and am just as glad as yourself to pouch the cash, instead of seeing what color your blood is. So be off, and keep clear of my claws for the future!"

The surprise almost stupefied me, but it was no delusion. The ransom had really been paid, and that in full; and a cura, with whom the robbers had a good understanding, was there to confirm the Lamb's account. All he could say, however, was, that the money had been confided to him by an English signor, who refused to give any other name than "S. D.," and who had ridden down the valley, to return, as he believed, to Naples.

I did not tarry long, but before I went my watch and chain were restored to me, and these I bestowed, as a parting keepsake, on the kindly old crone whose capricious tenderness had saved my life, and the brigands gave me a cheer by way of farewell as I descended the rocky path mounted on the priest's mule. That night I slept at San Paolo, and by noon of the next day reached Naples and hurried to the Via Stretta. I was eager to see and thank my unknown preserver, ignorant as I was of his name or real rank. I found the senior partner of the firm of Burbidge & Styles in his bank parlor. He pushed up his gold-rimmed spectacles to the middle of his wrinkled forehead as he listened to my earnest request to be told to whom I was indebted for my life.

"'S. D.,' my dear Sir," said the banker. "Well, the question is a little out of rule, but I have never been asked to keep silence on the subject. I do not, therefore, think any professional confidence will be violated in this case if I say that the gentleman in question is Mr. Graham."

"Graham—George Graham?" asked I, as the blood mounted to my face.

"Yes; Mr. Graham, the railway-contractor. He met you, I understood, not long since, and—but here he is to answer for himself."

I turned, and there in the doorway stood the English engineer that I had met at Portici. And he was the man I had hated—Lucy's brother—and to him I owed my life. His undeserved kindness, his noble generosity, smote me to the heart, and I dropped into a chair, covered my face with my hands, and burst into tears.

"Has Burbidge been telling tales?" said the new-comer. "Pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Edwards, and let by-gones be by-gones. We have had, I dare say, a fictitious idea of each other's character, but in future let us be friends."

And friends we are, friends and brothers; for Lucy is now my wife, and the happiness of calling her mine, with such of the world's good report and worldly prosperity as has fallen to my lot, I owe, under Heaven, to the man whom I long looked on as a cold egotist—George Graham. His succor of me at the hour of my greatest need, at a pecuniary sacrifice which was no trifling one—for he was not then rich—broke through the cynic disbelief in human goodness that was gathering round my heart. Cheered by George's counsels and example I led a new life, applied myself assiduously to my art, and in four years of toil was able to repay the large sum which Graham had advanced for my ransom. By this time I was well known as a painter, and in receipt of a fair income, and on the day of my marriage with Lucy, which took place in the fifth year of my probation, George Graham, grown a wealthy man, insisted on settling ten thousand pounds on his sister and her husband.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—The proverbial unhealthiness of low lands is the reason why sick people are called *valley*-tudinarians.

A recently-married gentleman was heard to declare that he was *then* as happy as the day was long. *Rather* unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on *the twenty-first of December!*

That atrocious Jones, who is always saying unpleasant things, was told by a friend the other day that a serious fire had broken out at the factory of a musical-string-maker. "Pooh," said he, "quite absurd! It must have been completely gutted before the fire began."

Why can't the boots at a hotel be a good Churchman?—Because he's too inn-dependent.

A lawyer, the other day, went into one of our barber's shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the boy exclaimed: "Why how *long* your head is, Sir!" "Yes," replied our worthy friend, "we lawyers must have long heads." The boy proceeded to his vocation, but at length exclaimed: "Lord, Sir, your head is as *thick* as it is *long!*"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Pshaw! Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! You hold your tongue! Let me be! Go away! Get away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! I did! I will have it! Oh, look what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it, though? It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Mah-h-h! Boo, hoo, boo, hoo, oo! What's the matter? Get out of this room, directly! Do you hear me? Dear me! I never did see in all my born days! It's enough to send one crazy! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, says I! Says he! Says she! Says they! Bless me! No! Hem it all this way round! Three flounces! Gored! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cut bias! Real sweet!

A ROMANCE—CHIEFLY RHYMED.—They meet in the street, and they sigh passing by. Meet again, and it's plain that they're both nothing loth man and wife to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?" "Yes, I do. Pray, do you love me too?" "Fondly." "La! ask mamma." Off he goes to propose, and receive mother's leave. Ma says "Yes." You may guess with what joys he employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done they're made one by the priest; give a feast; set off soon—honey-moon—blisses, kisses, master, missis—what a tale of true love this is!

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day a gentleman of the old fogy school blundered into the wrong shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old documents. "Oh, I thought this was his office." "Next door, Sir." "Pray, Sir, can you tell me if he has many patients?" "Not living!" The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—A son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes upon his shoulders, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the praties—he was fresher than the poor baste."

A collier having taken a looking-glass home in his trunk, one of his hopeful offspring was anxious to see the contents of the mysterious box. The mirror was on the top, when the youngster opened it, gave one brief look at his own shock head, dropped the lid, and, with joy depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "O mother, mother, father has brought home a young puppy!"

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him, "if ever I turn Mormon, and marry another helpmate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your own dear sake." "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife; "in my opinion another would be merely a *super-new-mary!*"

DYING FOR A KISS.—An inquest was held lately on the body of a young man who, in the attempt to snatch a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl, fell down the stairs and killed himself. Not a great while since, a young lady broke her neck in trying to escape a kiss. The question now is, shall kissing be given up as a dangerous amusement?

"In faith, Captain," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, "have ye a Almenick on board?"—"No, I haven't."—"Thin, be jabers," replied Pat, "we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

A SHEEPISH PROCEEDING.—Seizing Messrs. Laird's rams.

A letter-writer describes a beautiful young lady as having a face a painter might dwell upon. That would be a delightful residence.

An American abroad remarked at a *table d'hôte* on the Continent, recently, that Austria need never fear national bankruptcy so long as she retained her hold on Venice, for it was her "floating capital."

Why is a washer-woman a great fool?—Because she sets out the tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

The best *sowing* machine extant—the practical farmer.

Latest scientific discovery.—That bitumen is the *gastrick* juice of coal.

What is "villainy of the blackest dye?"—*Dye*-abolical villainy, of course.

Doctors disagree, but they ought not to. Their legitimate business is to find out what disagrees with their patients.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say *neigh*, but he don't mean it.

Women have many advantages over men; one of them is, that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

Why are the Germans the heaviest fellows in the world?—Because they are all Teuton (*two-ton*) men.

An Irishman, on being told that a certain kind of stove would "save half the coal," said, "Indade; then be jabers I'll take two of them, and save it all."

Folks don't go to bed nowadays—they retire to rest. Nobody eats his dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. No one gets his tooth pulled out—he has it extracted. No one forges a check—he puts his name on paper.

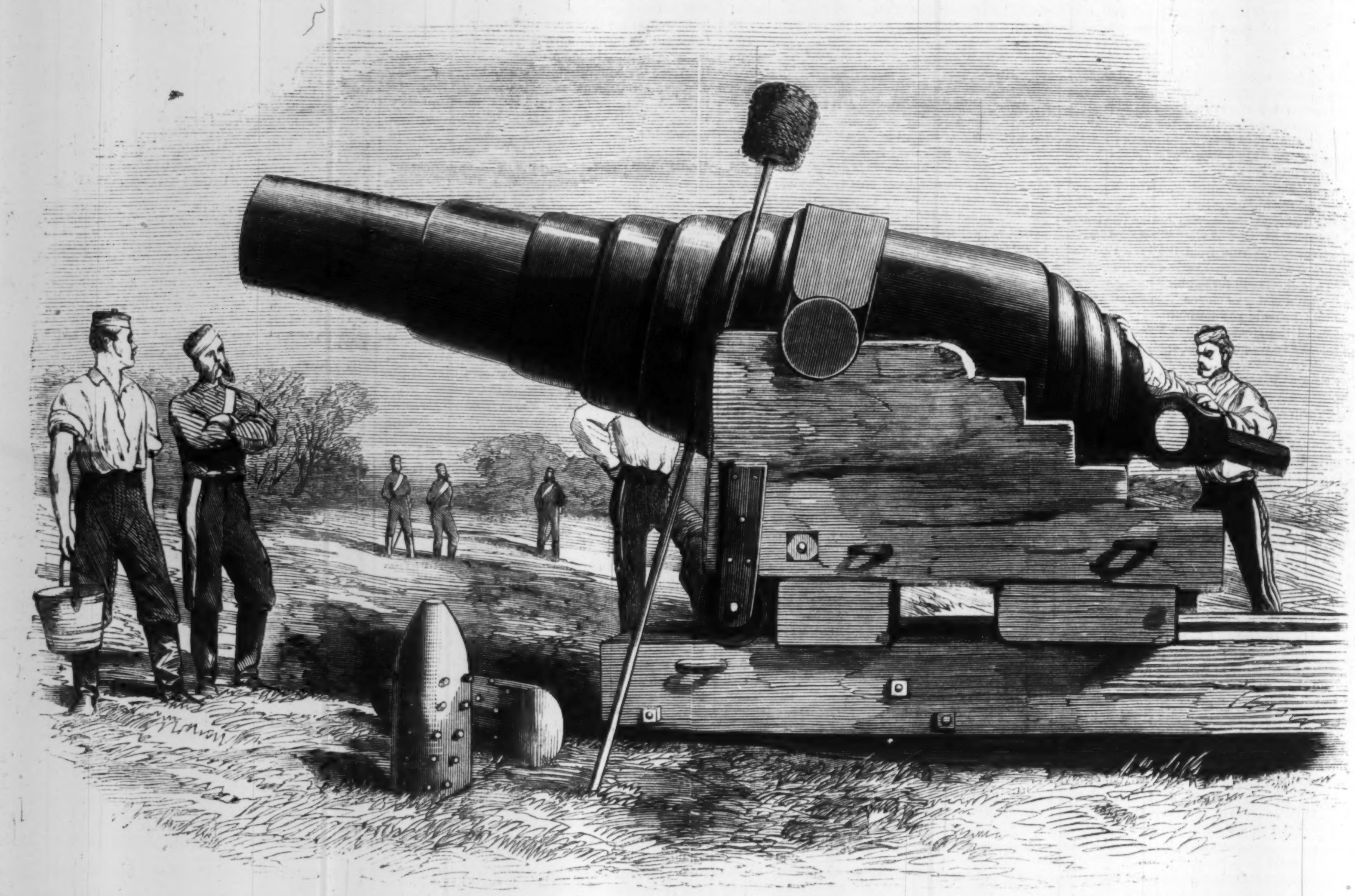
The late Charles Wynne, M.P., known in the House of Commons as "Squeak," had a feeble, peeping voice. Happening, for some reason, to be put in the same room with a blind old gentleman whom he did not know, he made the remark to him, "Very fine weather, Sir." "Very fine, indeed, Ma'am," rejoined the other.

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge any body for the address in a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, Sir?" said the customer. "No, Sir." "Well, then, will ye plase send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing him the following—"To John M'Finn—at London—(signed) Patrick M'Finn." It was sent as a tribute to Pat's shrewdness.

A person, speaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, asserted that he had seen one which had had its head cut off open its jaws six weeks afterward. The company seeming rather skeptical, he said, "I saw it, and I trust none of you will doubt my word." Then turning to one gentleman, he asked him what he thought. The gentleman, observing that it was very remarkable, said to the relater, "If you yourself, Sir, had not seen the circumstance, could you have believed it?" "Indeed," said he, "I could not." "Then," replied the gentleman, "I hope you will excuse me if I do not."

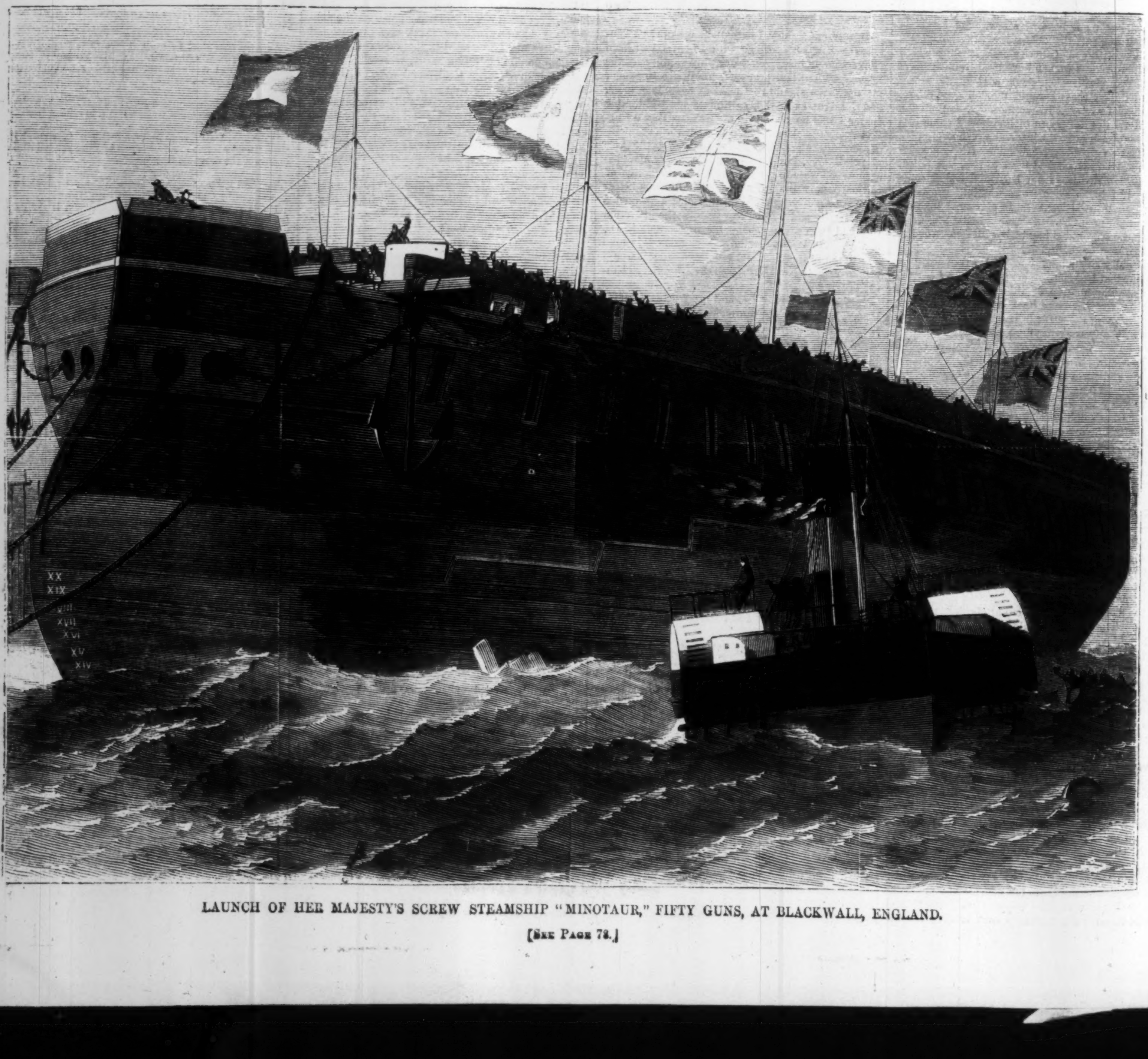
"No pains will be spared," as the Quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

Parties at a dead lock should extricate themselves with a skeleton key.



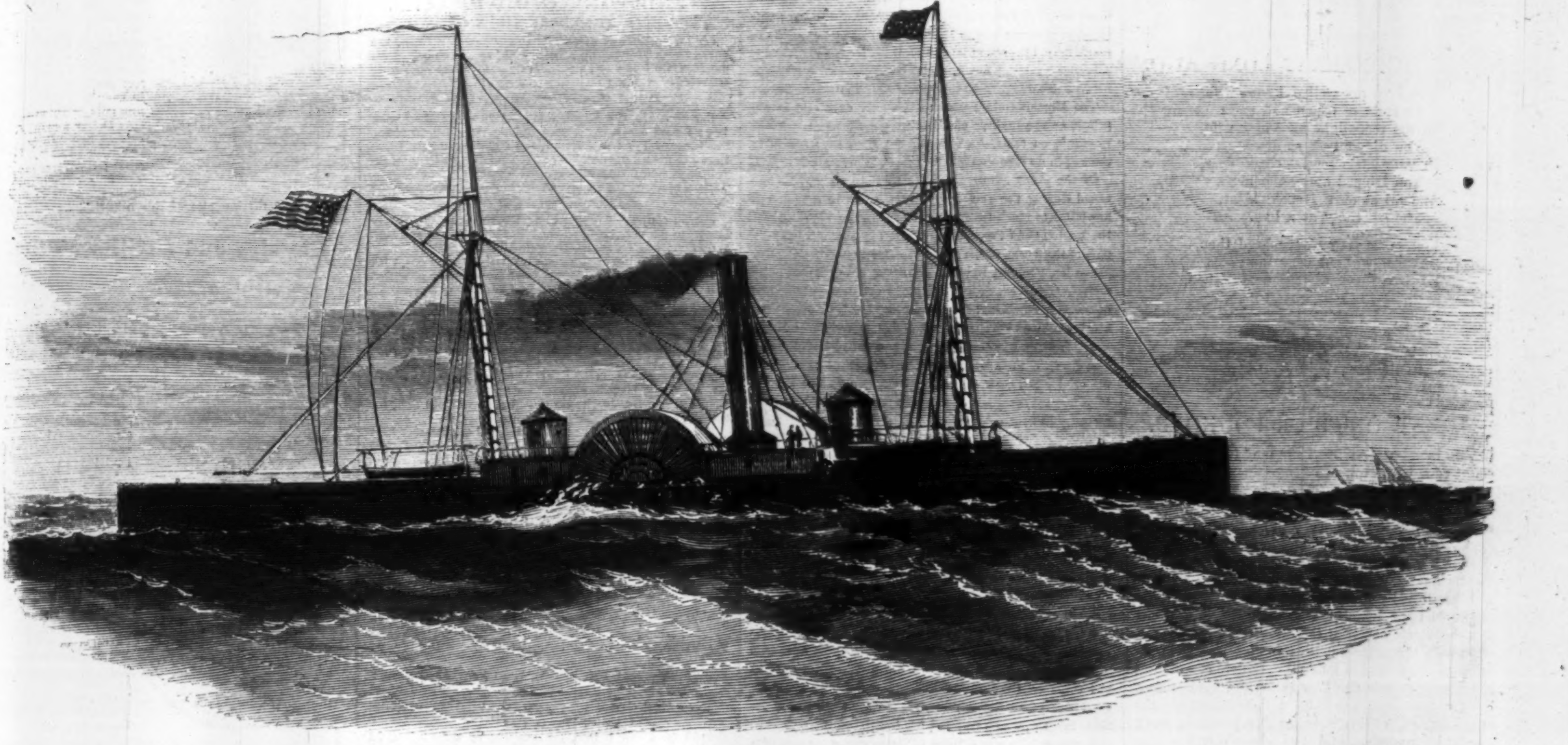
THE NEW ENGLISH SIX HUNDRED-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN.

[SEE PAGE 78.]



LAUNCH OF HER MAJESTY'S SCREW STEAMSHIP "MINOTAUR," FIFTY GUNS, AT BLACKWALL, ENGLAND.

[SEE PAGE 78.]



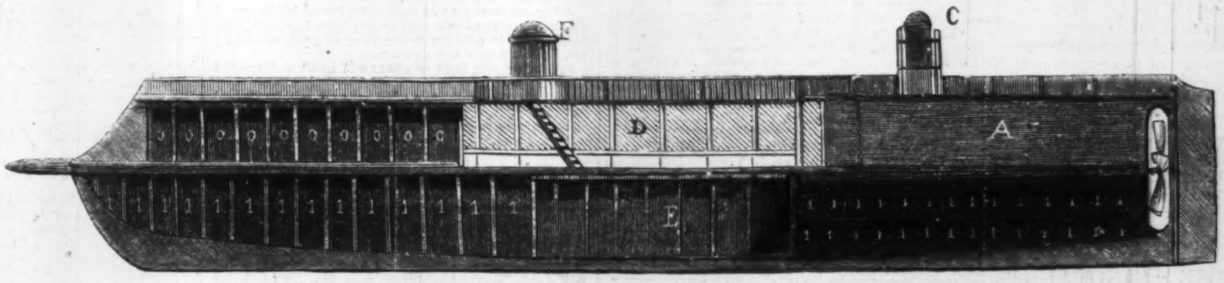
THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "EUTAW"

THE GUN-BOAT "EUTAW."

WE give above an illustration representing one of our war steamers, the *Eutaw*, now in the Washington Navy Yard. She is one of the only class of side-wheel steamers constructed by the Naval Department, and known as a double-ender. Several charges having lately been brought against the Department for building slow steamers, Secretary Welles has proposed, for the purpose of a trial, a match between the *Eutaw* and the fastest side-wheel steamer which the country can bring against her. This challenge was about a week ago read before the Chamber of Commerce, which body did not feel disposed to accept it. The tonnage of the *Eutaw* is 974, and her draught eight feet six inches, and the Secretary claims for her that she will run against the same draught and tonnage in any water. Her length is 254 feet; she has a direct-acting engine with a cylinder 58 inches in diameter. Several very interesting experiments have been carried on on board of this vessel with super-heated steam, and on the evaporative powers of the boilers with a steam jet. She is commanded by Commander HOMER C. BLAKE, who, it will be remembered, was in command of the *Hatteras* when she fought the rebel privateer *Alabama*. Commander Blake, although a young officer, is one of the most promising in our naval service, and deserves to have a fast ship.

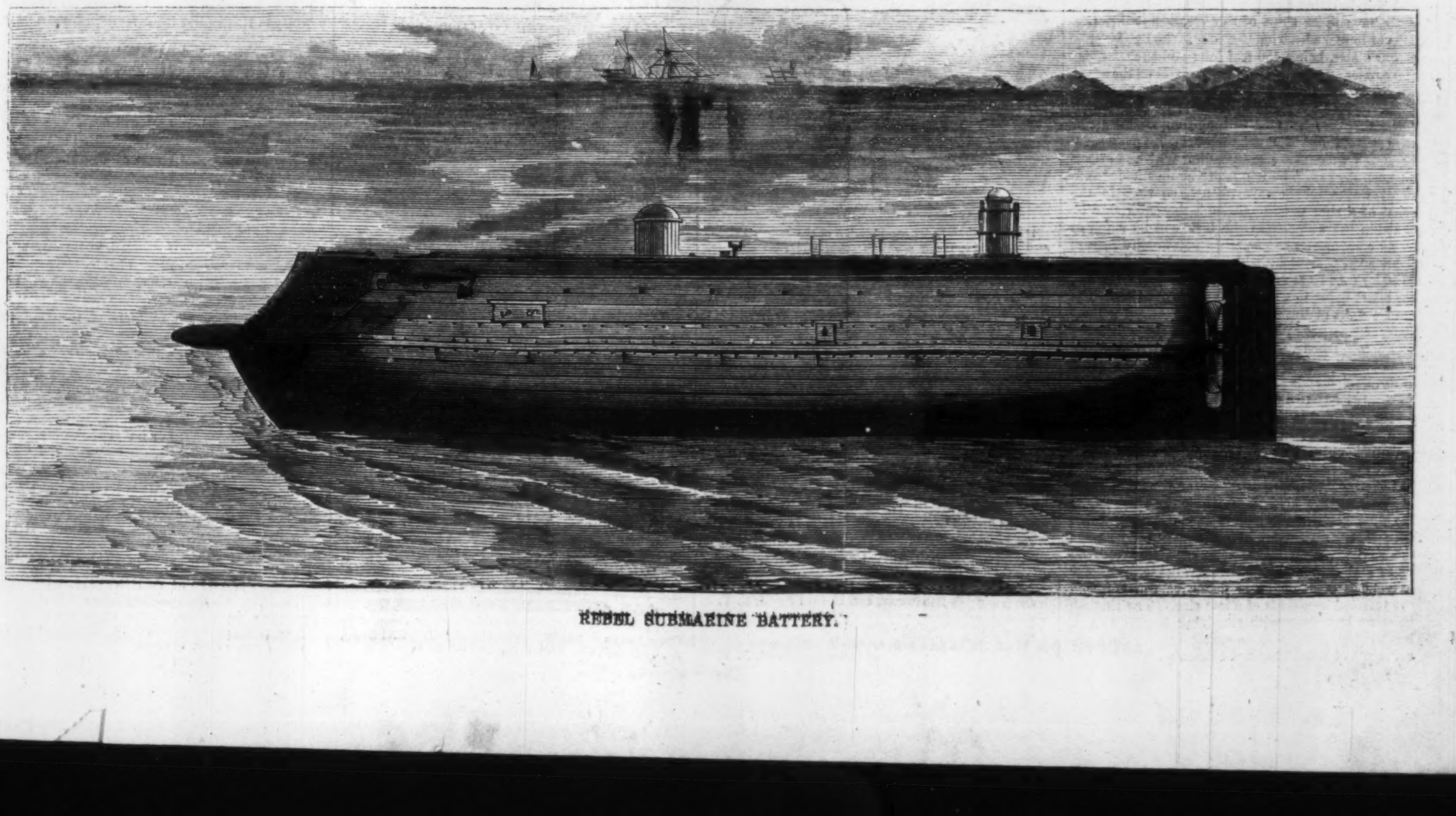
REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERY.

A M. OLIVIER DE JALIN sends to the French *Le Monde Illustré* drawings of a submarine vessel which we reproduce on this page, abridging his description. There has just been finished, he says, at Mobile a very curious little vessel, designed by Mr. Anstilt, which seems capable of destroying any ship in the world. It is of iron, 23 yards long. The interior is divided longitudinally by a partition into two portions: in the upper one are the machinery, armament, rudders, and reservoirs of compressed air; in the lower are chambers to hold air or water, as the case may demand, coal-bunkers, provision-lockers, and the like. On the deck, which is hermetically closed, are pipes for discharging air and steam, a smoke-stack, and a look-out, the upper part of which is of thick glass. The motive-power is a screw, worked either by steam or by electricity. At the stern is an ordinary rudder; at the bows another rudder, working on a horizontal axis, the object of which is to raise or lower the vessel. Now when no enemy is in sight the air-chambers are filled, and the vessel is managed like any other steamer. But when an enemy is in view the air-chambers are filled with water; down goes the vessel, and nobody is the wiser for its presence. Her perpendicular course is determined by the bow rudder, just as her horizontal course is regulated by her stern rudder. Turn it one way, and up she goes; turn it the other, and down she sinks. A pressure-gauge shows just the depth to which she has at any moment sunk. The man in the glass look-out governs the movement of the vessel. If it is sunk three feet below the surface it is invisible. On each side of the deck are placed iron cases filled with powder, joined two-and-two by chains of proper length. If a vessel lying at anchor is to be attacked, the submarine boat dives down, lets slip one of these twin torpedoes directly under the enemy; these rise by their specific gravity, and hug the enemy, one on each side, but kept from escape by the chain which, passing under the keel, unites them. The submarine, having accomplished her work, backs off to a safe distance, explodes these torpedoes by means of a galvanic battery, and up goes the enemy, in more pieces than one can well count. If a vessel under sail or steam is to be assaulted, the submarine dives down and lies hidden right under the track of her foe; then at the exact moment loosens a torpedo furnished with a percussion apparatus; the enemy strikes this, explodes it, and up she goes past all hope of redemption. The submarine, in the mean time, has dived down into the water so deep as to be quite safe from the shock which she has occasioned. "I can't stop to describe to you," concludes M. Olivier de Jalin, "the system of pumps to drive out the foul air, the air and water-pipes by means of which, with the aid of the compressed air, the air-tanks may in a few moments be filled with



A. Engine-Room.—C. Smoke-Stack.—D. Munition-Room.—E. Coal-Bunkers.—F. Look-Out.—1. 1, 1. Compartments for Air or Water.—0, 0, 0. Compartments for Compressed Air.

LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF SUBMARINE BATTERY.



REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERY.

water or emptied." We believe M. Olivier has sold our French friend, and think that if our fleet has nothing to contend with more formidable than the invention of Mr. Anstilt it will not suffer much damage.

THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross.
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripped along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head then,
And answered very low;
I scarce knew what you said then,
But I knew it wasn't "no."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But a hundred times or so
I kissed a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

ARMSTRONG'S 600-POUNDER.

THE latest reports from England bring us an account of a new gun, of extraordinary dimensions, weighing no less than 22½ tons. This enormous bit of artillery has been built by Sir William Armstrong, under the auspices of the British Government, and has been lately tested off Shoeburyness. A sketch of the gun will be found on page 76. It has been *built*, we say; for a piece of this size could not possibly have been forged as a whole. The principle upon which it is constructed is that the greatest strain comes at the breech; and in accordance with this principle, the immense weight is distributed, by means of laminal cylinders of different lengths, as seen in the illustration. This has been the principle involved in all Armstrong guns; the novel feature in this one being that it carries a six hundred pound shot, and is so wisely distributed as to its weight that it is only four feet longer than the 300-pounder, although it is more than twice as heavy. Not only is the gun made up of cylinders, one inclosing another, but each particular cylinder is composed of several small rings, or coils, of iron welded together lengthwise. The outward layers are turned without and within, and are subjected to a great heat when they are fitted over the interior cylinders, and, cooling, contract with such force of pressure as to be most compactly welded together. The gun is rifled with ten grooves, and to secure the rotation of the shot the latter has upon its surface ten rows of studs fitting into these grooves: the bore being 13 3-10ths inches in diameter. It is proposed to carry guns of this description on iron-clad war-vessels, and if it should be found practicable, it would necessitate a complete revolution in the defensive armor of ships of war, as no vessel in existence could withstand the effect of the 600-pound steel shot. The practicability of their use for this purpose is, however, extremely doubtful, as in a heavy gale very much smaller guns are frequently displaced. But for harbor and coast defenses this enormous war engine is of the greatest value and perfectly available. Its possible range, at an elevation of 10 degrees, is over four thousand yards, the charge being 70 pounds of powder. If we compare our own progress in naval armament with that made by the British, we shall find that a preference has been always given by us to cast-iron guns, small charges, and heavy shot at low velocities; while in England steel guns are preferred, with high charges and light shot, at excessive velocities. Twenty-inch guns have, however, been constructed in this country capable of carrying a 1000-pound shot, but these have been found, as probably this new 600-pounder will be, unavailable except for harbor and coast defense.

LAUNCH OF THE "MINOTAUR."

ON page 76 we give an illustration representing the launch of the English iron-clad screw steamship *Minotaur* from the yard of the Thames Iron Works and Ship-building Company, in England. The English have three ships of this class, the other two not yet launched. The *Minotaur* is the largest ship of war afloat, being 450 feet long and 59 feet wide, and carries 50 guns. Her armor-plates on the waist are 5½ inches thick, and 4½ toward the head and stern. There are two features worthy of attention about this vessel. One is, that running all along each side she has what are called "wing passages," 42 inches wide, and corresponding with the height between decks. The wings are again divided into small water-tight compartments, so that in the event of a shot passing through the outer skin of the ship the water from the leak will be confined to its compartment. Another noteworthy feature is an arrangement by which several hundred tons of water may be admitted into these compartments, the effect being to steady the vessel in action. The total weight of the vessel when completed will be 10,000 tons; yet it is expected that she will make 14 knots an hour. Nowithstanding the immense size of this vessel, it still seems to us that she would be no match for one of our Monitors, which, although they only carry two guns, yet by their revolving turrets are enabled to shift their fire continually. And then it must be remembered that the latter present very little vulnerable surface, being only 18 inches above the water, and their turrets only about 25 feet in diameter. The *Minotaur*, on the other hand, has an immense surface, which, if she were put in the situation of our Monitors at Charleston, would have surely given way at some point, and caused the ship to sink. These massive ships, carrying large armaments, are far less available for all the exigencies of offensive or defensive warfare than the turreted iron-clads of a less size. The English have no iron-clads with revolving turrets as yet, but we think that these represent thus far the highest result of naval skill and efficiency.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Brandreth's Pills

were understood, few families would be without

SO GREAT A REMEDY IN THE HOUSE.

This medicine is a certain cure for Small-Pox, and no person having that terrible disease should for a moment delay their use. Authenticated cures will be furnished all who desire by application at the principal office, Brandreth House, New York.

A lady of 56 was out of health generally; no food agreed with her—always violent pain in the stomach after eating. All the remedies she took did her no good, until at last she took Brandreth's Pills for a few days together, then rested for a few days. This method she followed for three months, which restored her health completely.

A young lady was obliged to leave school because of a constant severe pain in the region of the heart when she read aloud or spoke, or went up stairs or walked quickly. Her case was nearly a fatal one, by the remedies employed, of which bleeding was one. But at length she used Brandreth's Pills, which in one year cured her, and now her health is fully restored.

TUMOR OF THE NECK CURED.

A young gentleman had a tumor on the side of his neck, which had been years in coming. It was pronounced a cancer. Dr. Brandreth expressed the opinion that perseverance with his Pills would cure it. They were used according to the printed instructions which accompany each box, and soon the tumor began to give way. In a little over one year, they cured it perfectly, and the gentleman can not now be surpassed for health and vigor.

Is it any wonder BRANDRETH'S PILLS are so largely patronized?

Principal Office, Brandreth House. Sold also at No. 4 Union Square, and by all Dealers. Get new style.

Short-Hand without a Master,

By which the art of taking down Sermnso, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., may be attained in a few hours. 49th edition, with a supplement, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents., RICHARD PARKER & CO., cor Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

"LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE."—All, born to love, and to be Loved. Mistakes, Unhappy Marriages, The Remedy, Love—signs, in the face. Secret of Beauty. A Woman's Experience. Falling in Love. To improve the Complexion—with numerous illustrative Portraits—in Jan. Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The first of a new vol. Only 15 cts. Or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

American Needle Co., J. W. Bartlett,

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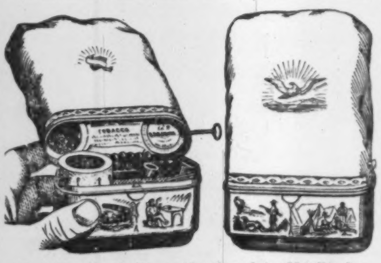
Needle Manufacturers for all the Sewing Machines.
BARTLETT'S BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES.
☞ HACKLE, GILL, COMB, CARD PINS, &c., &c. ☜
"BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES are a wonderful improvement over others for SEWING MACHINE or HAND SEWING. Try sample 250, any sizes, for 50 c., free by mail."—MME. DEMOREST.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort*, *Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME OR ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. **FOR THE SOLDIER** OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. *Single cases sent by mail, paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents.*

SKATERS *will appreciate this Case.*

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers.

☞ A half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent (carefully put up) *by mail, postage paid*, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE **429** BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

Diamond Parlor Watches.

In Round and Slide Boxes,
66 Courtlandt Street, *N. Y.*

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine-pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrtiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
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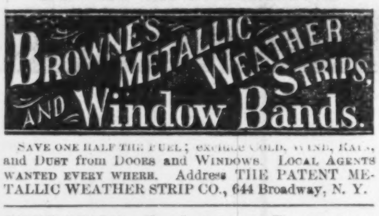
Beware the Northeaster.

BROWNE'S METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS, AND Window Bands.

SAVE ONE HALF THE FUEL; exclude COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from DOORS and WINDOWS. LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERY WHERE. Address THE PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIP CO., 644 Broadway, N. Y.

NOW READY. THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 40 Engravings, Portraits of Gen. BANKS, Lyndhurst, Beautiful Women, Egyptian Mummies, Sioux Indians in a Scalping Dance, Wild Men, and Beast Children. Babes nursed by the Wolf. Dreams, their Significance, Physiognomy, or Signs of Character, Love, Courtship and Marriage, in the Jan. No. Phrenological Journal, 15 cents by first post. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.

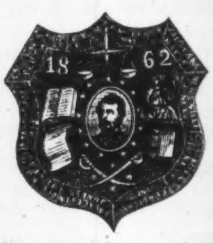
New Corps Pin.

We can now offer to Officers and all members of the Army our new style Corps Pin, in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, with the Corps designation in Fine Inlaid Enamel in Division colors, being the richest, neatest, and finest Pin ever offered. Mailed free for One Dollar. GEO. DEMERIT & CO., Jewelers, 303 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

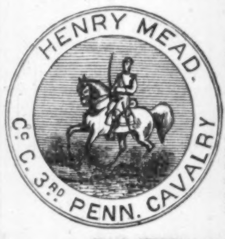
NATIONAL BATTLE PINS.



McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Foster. All are the same Pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin, plated with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.

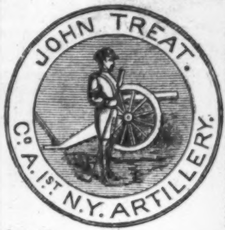
AGENTS WANTED IN AND OUT THE ARMY. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts. Also,

Cavalry and Artillery Pins.


HENRY MEAD.
Co. C. 3RD PENN. CAVALRY

The above cuts represent perfectly the Cavalry and Artillery Pins we have been getting up in Silver to answer the urgent inquiries, from day to day, from that important branch of the service so long neglected in appropriate badges. The Cavalry and Artillery Pins are Enameled for the Divisions in

Red, White and Blue,

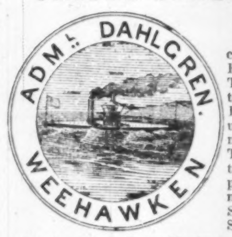

JOHN TREAT.
Co. A. 1ST N.Y. ARTILLERY.

The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be for the Name, Co., and Regiment. These Pins are Silver, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents, with the Name, Co., and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is desired beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter or Figure will be charged.

AGENTS will be furnished at Six Dollars per dozen. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

UNITED STATES NAVY

Monitor Pins.



The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver. The name of the Monitor and purchaser of Pin will be engraved upon the same, and furnished for $1 50 each. The Pins are very beautiful, and got up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same Pins got up in Solid Gold.

Agents wanted. Every Monitor in the Navy represented.

LOUIS PHILIP & CO., 609 Broadway, N. Y.

Hoyt's Hiawatha Hair Restorative.—Superior to every other preparation for the hair in power to restore faded and gray hair to its original color and natural appearance, to prevent it from falling out, to overcome effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c., and to remove the impurities and humors of the scalp. Invaluable dressing for whiskers.

HOYT'S MINNEHAHA HAIR GLOSS,
unexcelled in keeping the hair in curl.

HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM,
oils and colors the hair at the same time; changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black.

HOYT'S EXCELSIOR TOILET POWDER,
imparts beauty to the complexion, smoothness to the skin, and preserves youthfulness of appearance. Sold everywhere. JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

$50 for $20.

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For **$20** we will forward by mail or express, pre-paid, the following list of Fine Gold-Plated Jewelry:—4 Vest Chains, 12 Gent.'s Seal Rings, 3 Gold Pens and Extension Holders, 6 Vest Hooks, 4 Fancy Watch Keys, 12 Bosom or Scarf Pins, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 3 Box and Glass Pins for Miniatures, 3 Double Glass Lockets, and 3 Cluster Stone Pins. Address THOMAS CAFFERTEY & CO., Providence, R. I.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N. Y.

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TO PHYSICIANS AND INVALIDS.

The Rev. CHARLES E. KING, formerly Secretary to the London Evangelical Alliance, and recently connected, as resident Minister and Physician, with the Venezuelean Mission, will send ☞ **Free of Cost** ☜ the **Prescription** with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, *upward of one hundred cases of* **CONSUMPTION** *in the first, second and third stages.*

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of **Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis,** and all affections of the **Lungs, Throat,** and **Air-Passages**; while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled NERVOUS SYSTEM, and energizes the deranged functions of the **Stomach, Liver,** and **Bowels.**

Address, with stamp,
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Station D, Bible House,
New York.

P. S.—I wish publicly to acknowledge the generosity of those publishers who, from a sense of humanity, have given this advertisement *gratuitous insertion.* Religious papers are earnestly requested to copy.

Short-Hand without a Master, by which the art of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, &c., may be attained in a few hours. 49th edition, with a supplement. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents, by

RICHARD PARKER & CO.,
Cor. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have just published:
CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS STORY.
MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS. *Thirty-Second Thousand.* 8vo, Paper, 10 cents.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

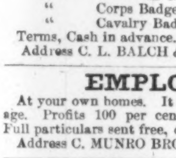
All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Soldiers' Co. Pins and Corps Badges.



Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Co. Pin, the letter representing the Co. standing out in bold relief, and very conspicuous. Every letter on hand from A to M. Also every Corps Badge worn by the Army, enameled in Red, White, or Blue, to represent the different Divisions in each Corps.

Solid Silver.	Prices, handsomely engraved.
" Co. Pins	$1 00.
" " in Gold Relief	1 50.
" Corps Badges, enameled	1 50.
" Cavalry Badges	3 00.

Terms, Cash in advance. Send for a Circular.
Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Profits 100 per cent. Demand staple as Flour. Full particulars sent free, on receipt of *two* stamps.
Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Agents Wanted for the Army.

New Army Watches.

Every Soldier should have the Magic Railway Time-Keeper. It has beautiful Silver Composite Hunting Cases, *with new Patent Time Indicator, to save trouble of opening case, just invented for the benefit of our brave soldiers.* The handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered $15.

Every Officer should have the DOUBLE TIME DUPLEX STOP WATCH.—This highly useful Watch has beautiful and heavy Silver Hunting Cases, with different Indexes for Washington and London time, Sweep Seconds with Superior adjusted Stop, to be used in training horses, and also by Sportsmen, Artillerists, &c., in marking time, $38.

All the leading novelties can be seen by sending for our Catalogue. We want Agents in every regiment on unusually liberal terms.

All Watches mailed free to any address, and warranted for 12 months.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers of Watches,
212 Broadway, New York.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera,* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
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"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

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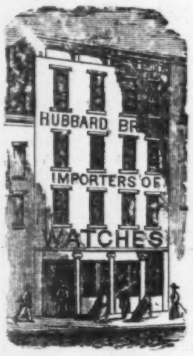

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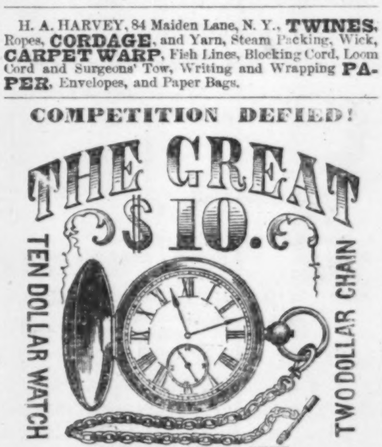

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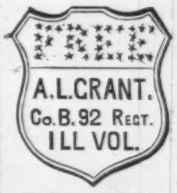
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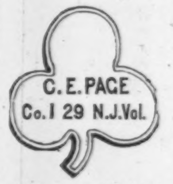

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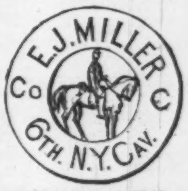

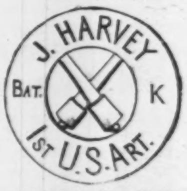

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